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Poetry.

For the Blade.

WANT AND WOE.

BY J. SCOTT.

"Want and woe that trouble us."—*Emerson.*

Who can build us a wall 'gainst Want and Woe,
And all the trooping ills that crowd their heels?
Wherever man may go, they go, are found
Within all climes and times, never asleep;
Mostly together and yet oft apart,
The ill-clanged pair travel the round world o'er.
No hut so lowly that they will not enter;
No mansion so superb they may not touch.
Wealth shuts out want, but the more subtle Woe
Slips through the meshes of his golden bars
And smites him in his pride, climbs stairs,
Past the armed guards, and lo! the jeweled brows
Flash all o'er eyes that glisten with sad tears!
For prostrate power in the strong grip of Pain,
Lies pinioned fast till the dark angel comes.
They revel in the wake of armies, and
Riot with Famine in her blasted fields.
At their approach Pleasure takes in her sails;
Mirth stops his laughter and ties quick away;
The festal hall is silent, and the streets
Are filled with groups talking with subdued voice.
They nip our childhood, cripple manhood's strength,
And crush the hoary head into the grave;
While many in their prime, all desperate grown,
By their own enforced companionship, become
Bankrupt in purse, friends, health, hope, everything,
Will loth-sob with Death until they rush
Into his rest, unable more to pay
The heavy price of Life.

WHAT THE MOTHER SAYS.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
And spotless with blossoms and fruits!

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And that your own household most truly
Is immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many old treasures and toys;
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmed by the presence of boys!

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in your room unmolested,
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides,
Where I must stand watchful each night;
While you go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings;
Yet I would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise;
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys!

AT THE REV. McINTYRE'S.

'Twas Ruth, the preacher's little girl,
Dainty and sweet and fair,
Though sometimes with her lips a-curl,
And an imperious air;
And oftentimes her father's frown
Was not enough to stop her
Condemning "Yes and no, sir," down
To "yes" and "no" improper.

But he reproved the child till she
Required all his care,
Then placed her with his guests at tea
To proudly test her there:
"Will Ruth have some tomatoes brought?"
And Ruth looked all elate as
She said "No," and he "No—what?"
And she, "Why, no tomatoes!"
—*J. Whitcomb Riley in Indianapolis Journal.*

Our Story Teller.

Written Expressly for the Blade.

CRABAPPLE FARM.

A TALE OF RURAL ENGLAND.

BY ERNEST WARREN,

Author of "Throne and Scaffold," "Court and Camp," "Mrs. Drummond," "A Railway Mystery," "Her Highness," "A Boy and a Girl," "St. Rudwald's Cave," "Lady Catesby's Enemies," "Dark Eyes," "The Death Secret," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VI.

"ASK HER YOURSELF."

It *was* quite true that Mark Bennock had been seen walking in the plantation by the Hall, with Elsie Martingale. It happened this way.

Mark had been fishing. The morning proving unfavorable for sport, he had picked up his rod, and was returning homeward, when, as he crossed the field which lay between the river and the high road, he saw the Squire's daughter tripping lightly along in the direction of the Hall, now stopping on her way to pluck from the hedge a flower, no sweeter and no prettier than herself; anon staying her steps, to gaze with shaded eyes into the clear sunlit sky, where a lark caroled above her head his clear morning hymn of gratitude.

They had seen each other at church, these two—Mark and Elsie; they had once met in the market-place at Frillingham, but they had never spoken. To Mark, it appeared that no fairer creation had ever taken earthly form to bring sunshine and happiness wherever her tiny feet pressed the soil.

He stopped to gaze upon her, and she all unknowing that any eye was watching, skipped lightly here and there, and pressed the wild blossoms she had gathered to her lips, then raised her tuneful voice in merry song, as if to rival the very birds of the air, who made the fields melodious for sheer happiness.

Mark would have given all he possessed to speak to her, if but the most ordinary words of formal salutation; to walk by her side, if but for a few steps; to look into her face, and drink there a future draught of intoxicating admiration, but he did not dare to run the risk of offending her, by even so little as making his presence known.

But if he had this delicacy of feeling, there was another who had not. A rough, burly fellow, who had apparently been skulking beneath the hedge, came suddenly out upon her, and as she drew back with a start of alarm, ranged himself at her side, and solicited alms.

She refused him, and quickened her pace, but he maintained his place close to her side, and renewed his solicitations, possibly accompanying them with threats, for the girl looked round alarmed, and uttered a faint cry for help.

In an instant, Mark throwing down his fishing rod, ran across the field in such a way as to intercept the ruffian.

Vaulting the gate, immediately in front of them, he caught the beggar by the collar and the waistband and burly though he was tossed him without an effort into the field across the hedge.

"Thank you—oh thank you so much," said Elsie Martingale, coloring deeply. "I was so frightened, I don't know what I should have done if you had not come up, Mr. Bennock."

"Hum!" growled the tramp, who had found his legs and was looking at them through the hedge. "Hum! Mr. Bennock—eh? That wasn't your name when you and I sailed together in the Ariadne, on the Indian ocean. I know you again, and maybe you'll pay dearly for this little prank of yours."

That same afternoon, this loafing vagabond made his appearance in Frillingham, and found his way into the office of Amos Berdmore. It was to him that the lawyer, had made guarded reference in the course of his conversation with Dorothy Hawthorn.

Of course in answer to her many and repeated expressions of gratitude Mark Bennock declared that he had done nothing, that so slight a service was not worth mention, and that he was only too glad if he had saved her from further annoyance. Then gathering courage, he ventured to suggest that as there might be other rough customers lurking in the neighborhood, it would be as well if she permitted him to accompany her to the hall, a proposition which, with becoming blushes and apologies for taking him out of his way, she ultimately accepted.

And this was the commencement of an acquaintance, which in the course of a very few days ripened into something more.

Squire Martingale was like his daughter, profuse in thanks, and could do no less than invite the young man to dinner, and after that, oddly enough, for who shall say how it came about? Scarcely a day passed that they did not meet.

Daisyhurst, as was only to be expected, took a great interest in these meetings, and the gossips had their work cut out for them, for it was a matter of course, that the possibilty of a marriage between the son of the richest farmer in the village, and the daughter of the ruined squire, would be a topic upon which all the quidnuncs assembled in the stone kitchen of the Magpie and Stump, would have their remarks to make, their observations to record.

There were a few, who professed sympathy for Dorothy, and even ventured to speak to her on the subject, but to one and all she had the same reply.

"It takes two to make a marriage, and I wouldn't have him if he asked me; no, not to be the mistress of twenty Crabapple Farms."

That Mark and Elsie found pleasure in each other's society, was an undoubted fact, but no word of love, no approach to more than a friendly intimacy had passed between them; and indeed Mark in particular, placed such restraint upon himself, that even when by chance, Elsie's hand touched his, or rested a moment longer in friendly greeting on his big brown palm, it seemed rather to chill and repel him, than to encourage him to speak the thoughts, that were ever present to his mind.

Again and again, Mark told himself, that the Squire's daughter was no wife for him, again and again he argued with himself, that nevertheless there was no reason why he should shun her society, for in the modesty of true love, he never deemed it possible, that she would accept him as an affianced husband.

And for her part, what did she think?

She thought him a fine, handsome young fellow, she thought she liked him better than any other man she had ever met. She delighted to hear him recount the strange adventures by land and by sea, which had made his life so eventful. She looked upon him as a true friend, a merry companion, and a courteous gentleman, but as a lover?—never. Not yet.

It was one showery spring afternoon, while affairs were still in this position with Mark and Elsie, that Squire Martingale mounted his cob and rode over to Crabapple Farm, Martin Bennock stood in the porch, as he rode up, and cordially invited him to enter. The Squire without any demur, accepted the invitation, and Farmer Bennock followed him into the big stone hall, which served him for parlor, and kitchen, and all.

"I'm glad you are alone, Bennock," said the Squire, depositing his hat and riding whip upon the table. "There is a matter on which I desire to talk seriously with you."

"You do me honor, Squire," said the old farmer.

"There's no occasion for me to go back into the past with you, Bennock; you know how all my fortune has gone on the turf."

"Yes, Squire, them race horses runned away with it."

"I *was* a rich man, I ought to be one to day, and have only my own infernal folly to thank that I am not. The trees cut down, the land sold, I have nothing but the old hall, and the few acres round about it remaining, and—well, it's a matter of common talk—it's hard enough at times for me to make both ends meet."

"No, no, 'tain't so bad as that, Squire."

"I tell you it is," and Martingale smote the oaken table with his clenched fist, "but don't you suppose, Bennock, that I'm here to moan and lament over what can't be helped; it isn't of myself I am thinking, but of one whom I shall leave behind me, my poor daughter, my only child, my Elsie. She will be the sufferer, for the greater portion of my incomedies with me, and she will only have the hall, without the means whereby to live in it."

"Well, but Squire, she's a comely maiden, and mayhap she'll find a husband, one of these days, that'll care for her, and see that she has everything she's been used to."

"That's it, Bennock, that's it," interrupted the Squire, a little nervously, "that's just what I was coming to. She must marry, Now, Bennock, your son Mark—"

"Wha-a-a-at?" interrupted the farmer, opening eyes and mouth in amazement, "my son Mark?"

"Why not? He has been a good deal with Elsie of late, and I've noticed them, though I've kept my own counsel. If ever boy and girl were head over ears in love, they are. Your boy will have your money, I take it?"

"Surely. Who else?"

"My child is young, pretty, well brought up, and of good family. The days have gone by when the difference in rank between the farmer's son and the squire's daughter would have been an insurmountable obstacle. I want to see the girl happily settled before I die. Come, what do you say?"

"It would be a great thing for Mark—a great thing."

"He is a gentleman. I am convinced he and Elsie are sincerely attached, and I should be proud to call him son-in-law."

"I'm proud to hear you say so, Squire. He's a good lad, a good lad; and she's a sweet lassie. I mind her from the day she was christened. It would be a great day for me and for Mistress Sally, that our Mark wedded with the Squire's daughter; but—"

"Well! well! What is the 'but?' What is the objection? Eh?"

"There ain't no objection as far as I'm concerned, Squire, but its what the boy may have to say. When he was a lad, before he went away to be a salt sea sailor, he and Dorothy Hawthorn was never apart. In the hayfield, by the river side, in the barn amongst the sheaves, wherever one was there was t'other, as sure as eggs is eggs. If he cares for Dorothy still, and I doubt she's willing, I wouldn't say the word to part 'em, even if Miss Elsie was queen of England. What's Mark's say? That's what I want to know."

"That you can soon learn, Farmer Bennock, for here he is," said the Squire as Mark with his bright happy ruddy face passed the window and entered the house. "Speak to him now, and, but that my betting days are over, I'd wager the old hall, as it stands, against your clay pipe, that he won't put any difficulties in the way."

"Mark, boy," said the farmer, with a little tremble in his voice, when the young man had duly greeted the Squire, and inquired after his daughter. "Mark, boy, the Squire here has been a talking about you. He thinks as it is time you get married."

"Married?" repeated Mark, looking up suddenly.

"Aye, lad, 'tis what we all of us must come to. He's been a saying, too, that he thinks he can find you a wife, a nice, beautiful lady, not rich as the world counts riches, but wealthy in a beautiful face and a pure mind, and a loving heart. What dos't say, lad?"

"I cannot marry, father," answered Mark, his eyes fixed upon the floor.

"Aha, but wait a bit, boy, wait a bit. You ain't heard who is the lady the Squire's got in his eye, you don't know—"

"In short, Mark," interrupted the Squire, "I have not been blind, I have seen your fondness for my daughter, and though I believe, and quite rightly, you have not ventured to speak to her on the subject, I have been talking to your father, and telling him that if you really and truly love her, you—well—you have *my* consent."

"Marry? Marry Miss Elsie?" cried Mark, his honest face all aglow, his eyes sparkling with happiness, and his pulse throbbing with delight.

"Aye, boy, aye. That's it!" cried Farmer Bennick, "the Squire, he says you're a well matched pair, and if you was matched together, you'd run well in double harness. What say you, my lad? What say you to that, Mark?"

"I never hoped—I never dared—indeed, Mr. Martingale, I have never breathed a word of love to Elsie—to your daughter."

"No, Mark, but you've looked it," said the Squire.

"And she, sir—what does *she* say? Would she really have me? Does she—is it possible she can really love—*me?*"

"Ask her yourself, Mark," said the Squire, laughing.

CHAPTER VII.

"ENGAGED."

Acting on the 'Squire's advice, Mark Bennock, though not without fear and trembling, risked his happiness on a single question, and left the hall the most joyous man in the three kingdoms.

There was no shadow of a doubt about it now. Elsie loved him, and with her whole heart; she had told him so. Squire Martingale had given them both his blessing, making only one stipulation, which was that the engagement should be short and the wedding speedy. Farmer Bennock and good, old Mistress Sally had wept tears of joy and never murmured that their son, their only child, the apple of their eye, should pass nearly all his time away at the Hall, instead of at Crabapple Farm.

The news spread like wild-fire through the village, and at the Magpie and Stump Mrs. Munro did not fail to remind her lord that but for her acute perception, he would have turned from his doors the young man who was going to marry the Squire's daughter, and would one day be the chief man in Daisyhurst.

How would Dorothy Hawthorn take the news?

That was the question all the gossips were asking; but to their great disappointment, Dorothy bore what was supposed to be a shock to her feelings with singular equanimity.

"I'm not surprised," said she; "I expected it;" and once, when hard pressed, she added, with some little spite in her tone: "I wouldn't stand in that girl's shoes at the altar, no not for half the county."

Then somehow the report got abroad that Dorothy had got another beau; and, be that as it may, she very frequently walked over to Frillingham, and on more than one occasion was seen in close conversation with Amos Berdmore.

About this time it was remarked, though no one attached much importance to the fact, that a stranger, a rough looking, burly man, with something of the cut of a sailor in his garb, and more than a suspicion of a seafaring life in his language, was a frequent visitor to Frillingham, where he usually got drunk at a small public house on the outskirts of the town, and once in his cups was heard to boast that he could get all the money he wanted out of Lawyer Berdmore.

But this statement, on the face of it, appeared to be so ridiculous—for no one had ever known the lawyer give a cent to man, woman, or child—that it was laughed at, as the foolish utterance of a man who was not responsible for his speech.

The preparations for the marriage were hurried on apace. It was Mark's wish, and Elsie had no will but his, that the wedding should be as quiet as possible, but to this the old folks on either side strenuously objected.

Said the squire: "When a Martingale marries, be she rich or poor, it is a social event, and cannot afford to be slurred over like the wedding of Tom Noddy with Sal Giles. We must have the bell-ringers, and the village maidens to strew flowers, and a breakfast from London, and unlimited beer on the green for the villagers, and a dance in the evening."

This, Farmer Bennock and Mistress Sally seconded with all their might and main, begging Mark to reconsider.

"My boy, my only child," whined the good old lady sadly, "he a going to wed the Squire's daughter all in a hole and corner way, as if he was ashamed of it. No, no. We'll make a wedding of it worthy of the Bennocks, and if there ain't an apple pie to fill the biggest dish in Daisyhurst, it won't be my fault."

How the stories went round. Mark had been to Frillingham and bought the biggest and the heaviest wedding ring there was in Jabez Hart's store; the Squire had sent to a famous London confectioner for a wedding cake, the like of which had never before been seen in Daisyhurst. But when it became a matter of village notoriety that Elsie would be married in a plain white dress, with no further ornament than the flowers of the field, there were those who thought she was not doing sufficient honor to the occasion.

"Bless us and save us," cried Mrs. Munro, "with the best of good luck none of us expects to get married more nor twice in a lifetime, and that's a thing even no one can reckon on. She'd best make the most of her first chance, and not go frittering away an opportunity that may never come again, with daisies and such like."

"And when will the bells ring for us?" asked Amos Berdmore of Dorothy Hawthorn, as the two stood side by side by the walls of Frillingham church.

"There's time enough to talk about that when we know how this marriage turns out," answered Dorothy.

"It will never take place," replied, the lawyer, "I have told you so, but yet you will not believe me."

"When you have prevented it will be time enough to talk about the future," was the girl's response, as with a little toss of her pretty head she turned away, and took the path across the fields leading to Daisyhurst.

"Guv'nor," said a rough burly man, slouching up to lawyer Berdmore, as the girl left him; "how much longer is this agoin' on? I want to be away somewhres where something's to be done. How much longer do you mean to keep me hanging about this one horse place? I'm a wastin' of valuable time."

"Be at my office to-morrow at noon, or better still, come there with me now, and I will settle up this business, pay you what I promised, and set you free to go your own road to jail and the devil with what speed you may."

It wanted but fourdays to that fixed for the marriage, farmer Bennock with mistress Sally sat in tha one big stone-floored room of Crabapple Farm; one on either side the window, looking out over the undulating fields, rich with the promise of golden crops, bright with the emerald green of early summer. Beyond the fields and pastures, stretched the wooded landscape; overhead the blithesome birds sang gay carols of joy; the buzz of insects was loud in the air, and the bright warm sun spread a halo of glory over the landscape.

"Four days more and we shall lose our boy," said mistress Sally, and she stealthily wiped a tear from the corner of her eye with her apron.

"Heaven bless him," quoth the farmer, "'tis for his good, missis. His prosperity, his happiness."

"The Lord grant it be so. If I didn't know as she would make him a good wife, I'd never part with him—never."

"A son's a son till he get's him a wife," quoted the old man, "let be, Sally; we're two old fools to think that we alone are enough for the boy. You mind the time when I came a-courting you? What did we two think in those days about parents? Father and mother were well enough, but Martin was all to you, and Sally was all to me. Deal fair, missis, and remember we was once young ourselves. What's the odds so long as the boy is happy?"

"If I wasn't sure of that I'd never part with him—I'd never let him go, Martin, no, not if fifty Squires went down upon their bended knees. It *is* for his happiness, Martin—is it not?"

"I think so—I hope so," replied the farmer, gravely, "and yet there's that in Mark, these last few days, I can't rightly make out. He's seemed a bit gloomy and grumpy like, when he ought to have been blithe as any bird. As sure as the birds pair on Valentine's day, he loves her—loves her? Why, he worships the very ground she walks on, and yet as the wedding day draws nigh, he seems to have summat on his mind."

"Lord, Martin, it's your fancy. What should a boy of ours have to weigh him down?"

"Nothing, missis—nothing. It's only maybe, as diseases catches hold of different people in different ways; it's the love in him that's heavy on his spirits. Lor! there ain't no counting on what love will do to a man. I mind the day as you said 'yes,' that I was like a man beside myself for very joy, and ran and leapt and capered till the constable went nigh locking me up for drunk and disorderly, and me not touched a drop. That's how love took me, but him it seems to sit heavy on, like some of them poetry fellows I've read on, what's never happy but when they's miserable."

"But that don't seem the nature of our Mark."

"No, missis—no," said Farmer Bennock slowly, and rather sadly, "It's just that that's worretting me. I can't make it out. He's everything this world can give, to make him happy, and yet—"

"Look yonder, Martin. Sure he's as happy as the bird in the air, look at him, look at the two together. Don't it mind you of the time when we was courting?"

Farmer Bennock looked from the window as his wife bade him and saw Mark and Elsie, her hand clasped in his, he looking down into her sweet upturned face, with love-like devotion. All unconscious that they were observed, they crossed they meadow, brushing the long grass aside, as they went upon their way, joyous in each other's love.

"Lord! don't it remind me of the days when we two were young," cried the farmer, springing from his seat with unwonted agility for a man of his years. "Ain't they like a pair of turtle doves? We was just that way once, Missis."

"Aye, Martin," sighed the old woman plaintively, "and our love has lasted us till now."

"You're right, Sally, you're right, and to see them two, makes me young again. They're bound for the fairy dell, I'll wager a new hat. What a number of courtships them trees have seen since they was saplings. I can't help it, Sally, I'm going to follow them, that's what I'm going to do."

"You'll never go and spoil sport, Martin," cried the dame reproachfully. "How would you have liked it yourself 30 years ago?"

"Not me—not me—never fear. It's this way, Sally, for the last two weeks I've hardly been able to sleep o' nights, for thinking as there was summat on the boy's mind, summat he cauldn't tell his father, and it's made me that miserable I'd like to have fretted my heart out, but now seeing 'em together like that, has put new life into me; it has swept away all them bubbish cobwebs as had wove themselves right across my heart, and I'm happy again. So happy I can't bear to lose sight of them. Don't you fear I'll let them know I'm about. Bless your heart, Sally, it's like courting you over again."

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

ON THE POTOMAC.

Some Experiences of a Civilian Going to the Front in the Summer of 1861.

BY DR. H. SCOTT, LANCASTER, O., AUTHOR OF "PIONEER SKETCHES."

My first encounter with red tape, at the Ohio river, should have been placed at the beginning of this number, as there was no draft in 1861.

I arrived in Washington a few days before the second battle of Bull's run, having been summoned there on account of the illness of my son. A conflict was looked for, and there was much excitement in the city, because, in the possible event of the triumph of the confederate army, an assault on the capital was feared. I had occasion to call on Mr. Whittlesy, at the comptroller's department. While I was there there came in a couple of gentlemen who seemed to be men in authority. They seemed disturbed. They said the rebel army was advancing in great force, and there was little doubt that inside of twenty-four hours, the city would be shelled. They came to consult on the expediency of at once monopolizing the northern railroads going out, for the purpose of removing the women and children from the city. I knew nothing of the situation of things, and took it for granted they did. I was of course much disturbed, and could almost wish myself a woman for the time being, so that I might get away. This was on Thursday, on Friday the fighting began. During the progress of the battle various conflicting rumors were continually coming in from the front, and there was intense agitation. I was in Washington, and Alexandria, alternately, and could hear the roaring of the cannonading and musketry, at intervals, when the wind was favorable, 25 miles away. On Friday evening a dense cloud of smoke hung over the valley, and the smell of gunpowder was distinct. On Saturday morning Gen. Schenk was brought in to Willards, wounded in the arm; not seriously. Being an Ohio man, I called on him. He was the worst scared man I ever saw; and made the most complaint.

Toward noon an order came to the War department from Gen. Pope, calling for volunteer surgeons and nurses immediately. He said the enemy was retreating, and he would press them with his entire force. It was a good chance for me to see the battlefield, and I volunteered. A train was improvised with as much dispatch as possible, and a great many boarded it, armed with buckets and sponges, bolts of muslin, lanterns and negroes. At the same time every four wheeled vehicle in the city was pressed into the service; and a great many clerks and bucks about the city took passage in them, bent on seeing the battle ground, and being of what service they could.

Our train was heavy and slow, and when we reached Fairfax Station, about 9 o'clock, eighteen miles out on the Orange road, we were stopped eight miles from Bull's Run; a bridge was burned ahead. A company of 50 or more volunteered to walk the eight miles; I joined them. The night was most intensely dark, with a light drizzling rain falling, while the black Virginia mud clung to our feet like four-pound weights. Our weird-like appearance, as we plodded along, stretched out over a quarter of a mile or more, with our oil lanterns bobbing like so many Jack O'Lanterns, was picturesque enough. At about three miles out we were halted by Union pickets, and then for the first time we learned that the rebel army had the ground, and Pope had fell back. There was just one course left open to us; we must walk back to the station. My strength was almost exhausted, but I was in for it, and resolved to go through. It was understood that we started with two days' rations; but I knew nothing about the rations, and was beginning to be in want of them.

When we got back to the station, there was the army of carriages that had gone out from the city, and the ground was strewn with the wounded, who were being prepared to go aboard of the train. I sauntered about, rendering what aid I could; but the groans and complaints of the wounded distressed me so I forgot all about being hungry. My attention was called by a pitiful moaning, in the dark, I called a negro with a lantern. There was a young man sitting with his back against a tree. He was coated with blood down to the feet. I asked him where he was wounded. He said in the head. His features were hid with blood. He was from Michigan, and said he would give all the world if he could see his mother once more before he died. I told him his voice was entirely too strong for a dying man, and to keep up his courage. I sent the colored man for a bucket of water, sponge and adhesive strips, and then proceeded to scrape away the clotted blood, and found a flap of skin hanging down over the left eye. I passed my finger firmly through the trench the minie ball had cut through the orbital process, and found the bone firm below. In a short time I had him cleaned up as well as my facilities allowed, the flap strapped back to its place, and he was on his feet walking toward the train, with a very reasonable prospect of seeing his mother again.

By about 2 o'clock the wounded were all attended to as well as could be done, and placed in the train, with as many nurses as were required, and a hundred or more were left afoot to find their way back to Alexandria as best they could. The carriages had left, taking a few of our crowd, In company with five others, with two lanterns, I set out on the eighteen mile walk, with the possible chance of finding an empty wagon. Several passed us, but they were packed. Rain was still falling, and the darkness was intense. My idea was to walk on until I could walk no more, and then tumble over in a corner and take my chances. We had proceedd probably two miles, when fortune turned in our favor. A colored man came up a steep bank through the bushes, driving a mule team to an ambulance. He was empty, and readily took us in.

We arrived in Alexandria at sun up. I could not get within a hundred feet of an eating place; and I was half starved. The streets were packed with surging humanity. I sauntered on down towards the river, and presently saw a bake shop open. I went in and bought a ten cent loaf, put it under my arm, and walked on eating. The Potomac was blocked with McClelland's fleet of transports for a mile, and out to the middle of the stream. I wanted to get up to Washington; but there was no steamboat landing. But I saw presently the Moses Colzer a mile up the river, heading downwards. She came to outside of the fleet, about 100 yards from the landing. By the use of planks from bow to bow, and sometimes the assistance of the hand of a sailor, I made my way across a dozen transports, and reached the packet.

Arriving in Washington, the next thing was to find my son. I knew he had been sent up from Alexandria with 500 other convalescents on Saturday, to make room for the fresh wounded, but where to find him was the problem. After two hours search I found from the register that he was at Columbia College, a mile north of the city. I went to a livery stable for a conveyance. The horses were all tired, and could not go out. I told the man that was not the way to put it: say you don't know me, and want a reference. He merely smiled. I sent a note with a boy round to the Avenue House. He soon came back with an order from Williams to give me all the teams I wanted, and the fellow just recollected that there was the chestnut sorrel mare that had not been out.

When I got to the college, the boys were in ranks, to the number of 500, and the roll was being called. They were to be sent that night to Newport, Rhode Island. I went and spoke to my son in the ranks, and told him what my purpose was. When the roll call was concluded, I spoke to the young officer who had performed that duty, and requested to be allowed to take my boy down to the ship at the navy yard, in my buggy. Very curtly he said, they had ambulances enough to convey the soldiers, and did not require any help. I pressed my request mildly; I wanted to talk with the boy, as he was going so far away, and I did not know when I might ever see him again. The fellow was positively uncivil. He could not talk to me, even if my mother was going away; harshly. I would cheerfully have given a ten dollar bill just then, if I could have had the insolent scrub out in the thicket, with his hands tied firmly low down on a sapling, and one-half hour given me for the *ad libitum* exercise of the flexors and extensors of my right leg. But just at that moment a superior officer, who stood near, and had heard something of what had been said, stepped up and asked me what I wished. He was a large man, with grey whiskers. I explained the situation. "Take your son in your buggy, sir, and drive him where you please; drive him all over the city. If you are down at the ship by 12 o'clock to night, you will be in plenty time," he said. The young squirt tucked in his caudal appendage and sneaked away; he was outranked. I had a gratifying triumph; but I should hate that fellow if I could see him to-day, I always have hated squirts; especially as it don't cost anybody anything to be civil, particularly to persons much older than themselves; and I was old enough to have been his grandfather.

The next day was Monday, and a bright day. Walking on Seventh street, I met a young soldier in a bran new suit of army clothes, and with his forehead bandaged. I asked him if he had been wounded, and he detailed to me the affair of Saturday night at Fairfax station, correctly. I asked him if he would know the man that strapped up his wound. He thought not, as the night was very dark; but he said, "Your voice sounds like the same." He asked me to take something to drink. I told him I never drank, and advised him not to do so. He said he never did. We parted, and what his future has been I do not know.

The young men that went out in the carriages had an adventure that beat mine. There were respected until their work was done, and then, not being regular members of the surgeon's corps, the rebels gobbled them up and marched them two days back into the mountains, where, not having any farther use for them, they were paroled and left to walk a hundred miles back to Washington through the boiling hot sun. I was subsequently told that they came straggling in four or five days afterwards, foot sore, half starved, some swearing and others laughing. But they had seen the battle ground.

In the city the greatest excitement prevailed. Pope had been ingloriously defeated; and though there were those who were disposed to censure McClelland for tardiness, by which he failed to come up in time, the majority clamored for his appointment to the supreme command. He was appointed, and followed up and defeated the Confederate army at Antetam, then fell back to the Potomac, and for some reason lay inactive until he suffered such shrinkage as to lose all the laurels he had won.

I started home over the Baltimore & Ohio road. In the approach to Harper's Ferry, we passed a number of long trains of mixed cars standing on the double track, and all loaded with soldiers. They were heading up stream; and all that could be learned, was, that something was up. A raid down the Shenandoah, most likely, we were left to conjecture; but no one seemed to know anything. At Harper's Ferry our train stood on the track six hours waiting for orders. The train men either knew nothing, or would not tell. Here I witnessed the most terrific thunder storm of my life. The clouds came down below the top of the Blue ridge, so that it was hidden. The peals of thunder were stunning, and I have never seen such torrents of rain before or since. Harper's Ferry, with the exception of the houses on Bolivar heights, was in utter ruins.

At length, a little before sun set, our train moved forward, and we passed a night of fear and apprehension, for the thought of being attacked in the mountains, robbed, our train burned, and we left on foot, rationless, a hundred or two miles from any place, was anything but comforting. At Cumberland we had a scare, I never learned any cause for; but there was a scare, and the train was detained an hour, during which the officers were as uncommunicative as before. Perhaps they were as ignorant as the passengers; but they would not even say that much. Railroad men, as a rule, I have always found to be an exceedingly dignified class. But there was a company of Union soldiers there, and that was some comfort. At 10 o'clock the next day we had a very cheerful breakfast at a very cheerful place on the summit of the Alleghanies; and when we had passed the Cheat river country, and began to descend the western slope, a feeling of security began to be manifested in the cheerful countenances, though it was not until we got on the west side of the river Ohio that I felt safe, entirely.

In the month of May, 1860, in company with my wife, we set out on the editorial excursion, on free tickets, to Baltimore, Washington, Mount Vernon and return. We spent a day and night at Harper's Ferry, to see what they had to say about John Brown's raid, for he had but a short time before been hung. Mr. Barbour, master of armory, presented me with a John Brown pike, of which they had captured about two thousand. It was a pitchfork kind of handle, with a javelon blade of thirteen inches, the entire length being about six feet, a good weapon for boarding purposes or breast work, but as against a company of United States soldiers, about to an equal number of elder pop-guns.

At the Relay house, while seeing that my baggage got aboard, I failed to see which car of the seven my wife had entered; so I got aboard the front one, and started back on a tour of exploration. I was carrying coat, umbrella, hand trunk, and John Brown pike. The train was soon sweeping down over the Potapsco at full speed, when, in passing from one car to another, the wind blew my six dollar new plug off into a chasm 50 feet deep, but we got to Washington all right, and drove to the Avenue house. My wife was conducted to the parlor; no attention whatever was shown me, and I was left to trudge up a flight of eight or ten stone steps with my freight. I marched boldly up to the counter and was going to register, but the clerk whirled the book away and said they were full. In vain I pleaded that I belonged to the editorial excursion, and that it was my wife that had just been conducted to the parlor; she came out and interposed. "That dodge would not do," the clerk said. I inquired if Comptroller Medill and Member Martin did not board there. Both of them did. Did I know them? I said, call them in and we will see. I was beginning to feel a little savage. But when the comptroller came in, though three or four servants had gathered around, as I supposed to throw me into the street, or arrest me for an escaped lunatic, then I came near being annihilated with apologies and kindness. But I was not surprised when the clerk conducted me to the wash-room and I saw myself all over in the big glass; not the east surprised that I had frightened the whole Avenue house half out of their senses. Hatless, unshaven, covered with dust, even to the eyebrows, and holding in my hand a John Brown pike, I felt like excusing.

Blondes and Brunettes.

By exhaustive investigation the German Anthropological society has found that rather more than one-fourth of the school children of Central Europe are pure blondes, and about one-sixth are brunettes, more than one half being of the mixed type. In Germany 31.80 per cent. of the children are fair, and 14.05 per cent. are dark; in Austria the dark predominate, being 32.17 per cent., while the fair amount only to 19.79; in Switzerland the blondes are only 11.10 per cent., while the brunettes are 25.70, and in Belgium the blondes are 27.50 per cent. The proportion of dark children in Germany increases rapidly toward the south, and that of light children toward the north. This varying distribution of fair and dark complexions forms the basis of speculations concerning the early colonization of Germany.

Calling Quail Up to be Murdered.

A sportsman at Baxley, Ga., has a trick about calling birds. He says that the whistle of the male and female differ materially. At this season of the year the male birds are easily called up by giving the call of the female. The male seems to say "Bob White," and the female "boy see." The editor of the local paper tells how this trick works: "Having secreted ourselves, he gave the female call, and here one came right straight for us. Sometimes they will come flying, and pitch close to your feet. We were out but a short time, and we killed five. Mr. Barnes tells us that he generally gets out in his buggy, calls them to him and kills them at short range. He never kills a female, for they will not come to the call."—*Savannah News.*

One Thing that She Forgot.

A good story is told of a prominent member of society who has a habit of tying a knot in her pocket handkerchief when she wishes to fix anything in her mind which must be attended to. She was engaged in a desperate flirtation on a certain occasion, and in her abstraction dropped the handkerchief on the floor. This was noticed by her hostess, who endeavored to break up the flirtation by inviting her guest into another part of the house. As the latter rose from the chair she stooped and picked up her handkerchief, noticing as she did so, the knot in one corner. "What have I forgotten to-day?" she asked audibly. "That you have a husband," replied her hostess. The story was repeated, and the lady, who is a well known member of the diplomatic circles, always keeps her handkerchief free from knots now.

Humor.

BILL NYE'S MASH.

A Hotel Romance and Its Consequences.

Night before last (writes Bill Nye), after I had been registered at the hotel and been assigned "the last room in the house"—I use the language of the hotel clerk—I went into the dining room to tea.

After I had regained my confidence among strangers, and curled myself up in as abject a manner as possible in the presence of the head waiter, I began to look around me for an opportunity to beam on some unprotected female with my sunny smile. It is not my custom while traveling to smile on one in whose heart a hope might spring up to be dashed to earth by my departure. If I have caused pain in that way I did not intend to do so. I can joke and carry on, and have a real good time, but I do not wish to inspire in any breast a hope which may be blasted, ah, alas! too soon.

It was not long before I discovered a beautiful blonde of the female sex at the farther end of the room beneath the chandelier. Her skin seemed to be of a delicate sea shell color, and her hair was corn colored. Her clothes were also entirely new, I should judge, and made especially for her. On her finger she wore a diamond ring with perfect ease. She knew just how to work that finger in order to get the most possible glitter out of her diamond. Every little while I would look over there and revel in her beauty, and I thought that she was not entirely insensible to my charms. Still, she looked at me in a kind of a half reproachful manner, which gave me the idea that I did not know whether it was identical or not.

All that evening she was in my mind. I dreamed that night that I swooped down upon her and carried her away to the remotest boundaries of the world in a special car. The next morning I awoke hungry, for I didn't eat much supper the evening before. I went down to breakfast, waiting and fooling away my time, hoping that she would come while I was in the breakfast room, and I would fill myself up with the beauteous vision and a cup of coffee.

Anon she came. She sailed into the room with calm disdain and an air of hauteur and such things as that. The head waiter waved his hand like a self-acting duke in a theatre and gave her a seat at my table. A thrill passed up through my graceful and delicately molded spinal column, and I laid down the vulgar sausage which I was about to feed myself when she dawned upon me.

I ventured then to look across the table at her in the full glare of the new born day. (Stereoscopic views of the last sentence will be forwarded to any address at one dollar per glare.) The first thing that I discovered was that she hadn't put her yellow wig on straight. It was a little higher on one ear than the other, which gave her she air of a young man who had overmonkeyed with the flowing bowl. This showed to the casual spectator a glimpse of her own moth-eaten, sage brush hair peeping out like the faded tail on an old buffalo robe.

Then I knew that we could never be more to each other than friends. Her nose was red also, and she had not been properly kalsomined. In the hurry of dressing she had missed her nose with the powder, and that organ—meaning, of course, the nose, not the powder rag—loomed up robust and purple in the ghastly waste of cheek bones and other osseous formations.

Ah, what a pain it gave me to see my beautiful vision fade thus before my eyes! Then I thought how I had smiled upon her the evening before, and how, perhaps, a new hope had sprung up in her heart, and I feared that when she knew it was all over between us the shock, at her time of life, might kill her.

I left my hot pancakes with the maple syrup all over them and fled. Out into the din, the hurry and the tireless rush of the mad, mad world, trying to stifle the memory of that broken heart. Should she see these lines I hope she will not think bitterly of me. I still admire her as a well preserved ruin, but love in such a case would be a hollow mockery.

Col. Tobin's Little Joke.

A few days ago a very dignified and straight-laced gentleman, accompanied by his wife, came to Sacramento from an up-country town, for the purpose of taking in the sights of the capital city. One day they resolved to make a trip to the dome of the capitol building, and the gentleman dropped in on a friend in one of the state departments and requested the loan of a pair of field glasses. The obliging official said he would procure a pair from the adjutant general's office, and said that with their aid a fine view could be had of the country for miles around. He, therefore, went to the adjutant general's office and informed Col. Tobin—who never misses an opportunity for a joke—what he desired. The colonel went into a little room where the field glasses are kept, took a pair from their cases, and substituted two empty soda water bottles. The official took them, handed them to his

Recent Literature.

THE CONGO AND THE FOUNDING OF ITS FREE STATE. A Story of Work and Exploration. By Henry M. Stanley. Two vols, with over 100 illustrations and maps. Harper & Brothers, New York.

This is one of the finest works that has ever been issued. The two large volumes of over 1,000 pages are bound in the most elegant style, with the best material and richest designs. The tinted paper and excellent mechanical execution make it a work of rare production. The subject matter is, however, the best of all and will be read by thousands. "This narrative of labor, explorations and discovery and history of a great and successful political and diplomatic achievement is, by special permission, dedicated to His Majesty Leopold II, the King of the Belgians, who conceived, conducted and sustained the enterprise which has received the recognition of the world and ended in the establishment of the Congo state; and also to all those who assisted in forming a free commercial state in equatorial Africa." Such is Mr. Stanley's inscription of dedication. The work describes the great river which is "the grand highway of commerce to west Central Africa," the trip through "the dark continent," former customs in "the kingdom of Congo, the founding of towns, railways, flotilla and other improvements, and gives a complete history of the Congo-land" discoveries and the changes that have taken place in that country. It is as interesting as the most fascinating novel and yet every page is laden with information. The book will no doubt have an immense run.

THE JOURNALS OF MAJOR-GEN. C. G. GORDON, C. B., AT KHARTOUM. Printed from the Original MSS. Introduction and Notes by A. Egmont Hake, with portrait, two maps, and 30 illustrations, after sketches by Gordon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Few men have in modern time made a larger reputation and called out the commendation of the world so fully as the lamented soldier whose journals are now made public. The volume is printed from the original manuscript, and edited with notes and introduction by A. E. Hake, author of "The Story of Chinese Gordon." Gordon's whole life was a romance, but no part of it has been more thoroughly so than its last passages in his Soudan expedition. There is so little clear understanding of why he was there and what to do, that the publication of this volume would be welcome for clearing up that matter if for nothing else.

AT ALL EXTREMES. By Maurice Thompson, author of "A Tallahassee Girl." Cassell & Co., New York.

The scene of Mr. Thompson's latest story is laid in the South among the people residing in the mountainous regions of Alabama. It is American in tone, though two of its chief characters are young Englishmen, civil engineers by profession. Life in the South is faithfully pictured, and there is much of out-door incident and adventure in the story.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

The July number opens a new volume. Its frontispeice is a portrait of Pres. Lincoln. The leading article, "Washington in March and April, 1861," by Gen. Charles P. Stone, is admirably presented and pertinently illustrated. The second paper, "Beginnings of the Civil War in America (I.)," is by Gen. Thomas Jordan, the well-known Confederate officer. "The Seizure and Reduction of Fort Pulaski" is by Col. Chas. C. Jones, jr., LL. D., the accomplished Georgia historian; and "The Military Affairs of the state of New York in 1861 (I)," is from the pen of Gen. Meredith Read, adjutant general of New York in that year. Then comes a vivid description of the great uprising in New York, entitled "The March of the Seventh Regiment," by the editor, whose account of its opening of the railway through Maryland to Annapolis Junction, in April, 1861, is a chapter of our civil war which no reader can afford to miss. The seven departments are splendidly sustained, and the entire number is one of the most readable and attractive yet issued. Published in New York.

WIDE AWAKE.

The July issue begins with a new serial for boys, entitled "How the Middies set Ship," by Miss M. D. Wheelock, and one for lassies girls, entitled "A New Departure," by Margaret Sidney. Both Rose Kingsley and Mrs. Margaret J. Preston have contributions in the same issue relative to the famous old Kenilworth Castle. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

THE CENTURY.

The two portraits of marked interest, in the July *Century*, are the frontispiece picture of Frederic Mistral and the full-page portrait, after a daguerreotype, of Henry Clay. George Bancroft contributes a vivid sketch of Clay's personality, and Alphonse Daudet writes of his friend Mistral, the Provencal poet. A description of "George Eliot's Country," by Miss Rose G. Kingsley, is the opening illustrated paper. "Social life in the Colonies," by Dr. Edward Eggleston, is very interesting. The war papers of this number are of the highest importance, being the rebel Gen. D. H. Hill's McClellan's change of base, Gen. Longstreet's "Seven Days' Fighting Above Richmond," and "Memorandum of the Civil War." The remainder of the contents is stories and poetry—all good. The Century Co., New York.

SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

The contents for July are: "Wild Life in the Seventies," a story of Florida, by Will Wallace Harney; "Our Brookside Birds," by Maurice Thomson; "Custer at the Surrender," by a Confederate soldier; "Faith," a poem, by J. S. Blackie; "What American Art Exhibitions are Doing," by M. M. Cassebar; "Poms Bonnasie" (Horace, Book iii., Ode xiii), by S. M. Davie; "A Soldier's Adventure," by Red Rowell; "The Coming of Life Beautiful," by Charles J. O'Malley; "Our Last Hunting Grounds," by F. L. Oswald; "Hadrian, Dying, to his Soul," by G. M. D.; "Ku-Klux-Klan—an Apology," by George Braden; "Hood's Tennessee Campaign," Thomas W. Bullitt; "Some Generals I Have Known," E. Polk Johnson. Mr. Braden's article on the Ku-Klux-Klan is a history of the origin of that infamous organization from a Southern standpoint. The number keeps up the high standard of the magazine. Southern Bivouac, Louisville, Ky.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Is one of the best juvenile papers published. Last week's issue contains "The Siege of Boon Island Light," a Fourth of July story, by J. T. Trowbridge; "The Great Congo Valley," by Helen S. Conant; "Into Unknown Seas," by David Ker; "Memories of the Fourth," by Lucy C. Lillie; "Wo-Bo Shang," by G. J. Humphrey; "Roff House" is concluded in this number; "The Vase," by Margaret Johnson; "Our Postoffice Box," is unusually good. Harper & Bros., New York.

MUSIC.

An excellent piece of music dedicated to Rev. A. J. Fischer, Reading, Ohio., has come to hand—"Evening Prayer," fantasia for piano or cabinet organ, composed by Henry Siewert. Published by Ign. Fischer, Toledo, O.; price, 60 cents.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE

Devotes two pages of original poems by Brooklyn writers. "A Romance of Brooklyn Heights," a serial story by Cecilia B. Gardiner, is also commenced in this number. A poem on Victor Hugo, by Martin F. Tupper; some pointed remarks on the over-indulgence of children on the part of parents, by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, and a graphic description of Monte Carlo, the gambling paradise of Europe, by M. Louise Comstock. The various departments are all excellently sustained. The Brooklyn Magazine, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Stepping Stones to Success.

Learn your business thoroughly.

Keep at one thing—in nowise change.

Always be in haste, but never in a hurry.

Observe system in all you do and undertake.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend on yourself.

Never fail to keep your appointments, nor to be punctual to the minute.

Never be idle, but keep your hands or mind usefully employed except when sleeping.

Use charity with all; be ever generous in thought and deed—help others along life's thorny path.

Make no haste to be rich; remember that small and steady gains give competency and tranquility of mind.

He that ascends a ladder must take the lowest round. All who are above were once below.

Think all you speak; but speak not all you think;
Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more—
Where Wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink;
Lips never err when she does keep the door.

At Council Bluffs, Robert Neville was condemned to five years' imprisonment for burning a dwelling of which he claimed to have been defrauded and dispossessed. His father, indicted for complicity, was acquitted on the ground of insanity.

Miscellany.

WHY MEN DRINK.

An Experienced Person Gives the Reasons.

As I took my seat in the sleeper "Buffalo" I found myself by the side of a man of about 35 years, who would undoubtedly resent classification among the dudes, but whose appearance, as well as the address on his gripsack, indicated an aristocratic position in life. His social instincts were irrepressible, however, and before we had been in the same seat five minutes he had drawn me into a conversation in which he expressed his opinion upon various municipal and commercial topics, shrewdly suggesting that the prevailing business depression is quite as much the result of the abuse of the credit system as of the overproduction about which so much is heard.

"Will you not drink with me?' he politely inquired, after a half hour's ride, drawing from his bag a flask which he said contained a very choice article of whisky.

Now, I have observed that drinkers usually resent a refusal of such an invitation, as if abstainers have not as good a right to abstain as they to imbibe, and I resolved to amuse myself with an experiment, and so I replied that I am "one of these teetotal fellows."

I must do him the credit to say that he took no offence, but replaced the flask in his bag, remarking that he is accustomed to drink when "with the boys," but when with men who do not drink he does not drink himself, and then he was nearly as cordial as he had been before. I told him that I am no bigot, but have no taste for intoxicating drinks, think it safer to acquire none, have seen too much suffering from drink to be willing to even indirectly encourage drinking customs, and if inclined to drink would be afraid of adulteration.

He replied that there is much to be said on both sides of the temperance question, and confessed that he knows that the proprietor of one of the most palatial drinking resorts in New York furnishes really good liquor only to customers who can tell what they get, keeping an inferior article for those who will swallow it without complaint.

"Why do men drink when they know that the chances are that they must swallow adulterated liquor?" I asked.

"I cannot speak for others," he replied, "but I myself drink only because I meet men who drink. When alone I seldom touch liquor. Custom is perhaps the cause of the formation of the drinking habits of most men," he concluded, and the frank opinion of a man of his attitude towards temperance, is not without significance for the reformers who wish to know how the evil of intemperance may be abated.

Saved by a Match.

Chicago Herald.

"Keep a sharp look-out while on the run?" echoed an engineer. "Should say we did. The man that tries to run an engine without keeping his eyes peeled gets left sooner or later. I've heard about fellows out west that would start out on a run with a board reaching across from the driver's seat to the fireman's, and a deck of cards, but I never tried that. Just to show you how necessary it is for a man to keep his eye on the rails ahead of him, let me tell you a little story. I was running along one night in Ohio some years ago. It was a blowy, rainy, nasty night, and in times like that a man is doubly watchful. For hours I never took my eyes from the wet, glistening rails ahead of me, except, of course, when we stopped at stations. All at once I saw in front of me—how far ahead I couldn't tell—a glimmer of light. It was just a spark. I barely saw it before it disappeared. Was it a lightning-bug? I hadn't seen any that night. What was it? That I couldn't answer. But my instinct told me to stop the train, and stop I did. It was mighty lucky that I looked at it that way, for that glimmer of light was caused in the oddest way you ever saw. You couldn't guess it in a week. A farmer was walking along the track, when he discovered a short bridge so badly washed out by the freshet that to run upon it with a train meant a wreck. He tried to start a fire with paper and his clothing, but couldn't do it. His had one match left. He kept that until I got close to him, his plan being to strike that match, hold it in his hat, and wave it across the track as he had seen the brakemen do when they wanted to signal stop. It was his hope that I would see the blaze before it was blown out. He no sooner struck the match than out went the blaze. It was merely a flash, but I saw it, and the farmer had saved the train. What if I hadn't made it a rule to keep my eyes peeled along the rails every minute while running?"

A Ten Years' War.

Exactly ten years ago the Dutch government commenced a war at Acheen, in the north of Sumatra, which has continued without interruption down to last month. The forces of Holland have been perpetually engaged, mostly around the town of Acheen, but occasionally elsewhere in northern Sumatra. The war has weighed down the Dutch East Indies, the national budget of which has shown an annual deficit of from nine to fifteen millions of florins, caused mainly by it. An army of about 20,000 men has had to be maintained, fighting almost under the equator, by constant drafts from Java and ultimately from home. The result of efforts of such magnitude continued over ten years has been nothing. The Acheenese are still in arms and unsubdued. By constant fighting, they have been cleaned out of a space of about 20 square miles around the port of Acheen. This the Dutch will continue to hold by means of redoubts and a large force. The blockade of the other ports has been raised; two of them only, Oleleh and Pedis, are to be retained by a force said to number 5,500 men. The rest of the Dutch forces are to be withdrawn, and the war is at an end until the Sultan likes to resume his attacks on the fort.—*N. Y. Sun,*

Boiling Water and Cholera.

New York Mail.

This journal has for years recommended that water be boiled and filtered before it is iced for table use, and Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, has published a letter in which he directs attention to the advantage of the practice, especially in seasons of cholera and typhoid. He believes that the mortality of the Plymouth plague would have been very much diminished had the inhabitants of that town boiled their drinking water, and the ravages of diseases peculiar to the summer season might be much restricted by the practice. New York has purer water than most large cities, but Prof. Baird emphazes the fact that boiling makes the water more potable, as well as more wholesome, and the inhabitants of villages, as well as of large cities, may advantageously adopt his suggestion. Boiling for half an hour will destroy organic impurities, although mineral poison would not be affected by the process, and if proper attention is given to filtering and cooling, the improvement will be readily perceptible to the palate. The quality of drinking water always has much to do do with health, and attention to its condition is especially important during a season in which an invasion of Asiatia cholera is dreaded.

The Hot Weather

Of mid-summer has a weakening effect, both upon body and mind. You feel absolutely incapable of doing any arduous work, and even light duties are performed languidly and unwillingly. This low state of the system causes even greater infirmity, and gives opportunity for serious disease to gain a foot-hold. In this condition the system is quick to respond to the reviving, quickening and strengthening effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, regulates the digestive organs, and infuses fresh life and vigor into every portion of the body. People who have taken it write us, saying: "It puts new life right into me." "It makes me young again." Reader, if you suffer from summer weakness, try Hood's Sarsaparilla. 100 Doses $1.

GRANT'S OLD LOG HUT.

Philadelphia Allows to Fall Into Decay the Building Which He Occupied Before Richmond When Planning the Closing Scenes of the Rebellion.

The Philadelphia *Record* publishes the following interesting and patriotic article on the almost-forgotten Grant war cabin:

Very few persons passing along the walk in the East Park south of Girard avenue pay any attention to a little one-story log-cabin that stands back about twenty yards, with ivy growing up the front, and with a look of neglect and desolation at complete variance with its verdant surrounding. The sign that once called attention to the fact this "This is Grant's Cabin," and informed us that it was used as his headquarters during the campaign before Richmond, was taken down years ago, with the railing that surrounded the hut to prevent relic hunters from defacing it. Where the furniture has gone which the great commander used during that eventful conflict, and which for a long time graced the cabin, is a mystery. To-day it is used as a tool-house by park laborers.

The historical associations connected with this cabin are well recounted in a letter written by Gen. Adam Badeau, who was military secretary to Gen. Grant when the latter directed the cabin to be presented to George H. Stuart, of this city. He says: "It was here he received reports from his subordinates and sent them their orders. Within its wails he watched Sherman's route as he came across the continent to the sea, and, afterward, his memorable march through the Carolinas. From here he sent the dispatches to Thomas that resulted in the battle of Nashville and the discomfiture of Hood, which prevented the concentration of any force in front of Sherman. From this point he directed the movements of Sherman and Schofield, bringing the one northward through the Carolinas and the other eastward in dead winter, and causing them to meet at Goldsboro. Here he met the rebel commissioners on their way to meet Pres. Lincoln. Here Sheridan's glorious movements, whose importance can hardly be estimated, were planned.

"From this cabin he directed Canby in his campaign that resulted in the fall of Mobile, and dispatched Wilson and Stoneman on their final raids through the South. Beneath its roof Pres. Lincoln, Gens. Sherman, Sheridan and Meade and Admiral Porter met in an interview that was interesting beyond comparison. In it Lincoln passed many of the last hours of his life, just before Grant's crowning success had been achieved, and here the last orders were penned before the commencement of the great campaign that terminated the war."

Mr. Stuart was president of the Christian commission during the war. He was on very friendly terms with Grant during the siege of Richmond, and when it was over Grant presented the cabin to Mr. Stuart. The Central Park authorities solicited it for their grounds, and the city councils of this city asked that it might be placed in the park as a relic of the war. Mr. Stuart consented to place it in the park, subject to his ownership. It was carefully attended to at first and attracted a great many visitors. The attention of Mr. Stuart was called to its dilapidated condition, and under threats of removing it the park commission promised to restore it to its former condition.

The Manners of Boys.

Boys at a certain transitory age are apt to be awkward. Outdoor exercise and sports do much to make them strong and straight; yet it is very common among those who are growing fast (especially if they read or study a good deal), to find the head thrust forward, the shoulders round and stooping, and a slouching, ungraceful carriage. Until these things are corrected no boy can be thoroughly strong and vigorous. Biting the nails is one of the most annoying habits, and yet one which almost any boy will fall into unless his mother "nips it in the bud." Not only is it almost unendurable for a nervous person to sit in the room with one of these nail-biting boys, but the young man's hands are injured in appearance, and, if the habit be carried to excess, they will become almost deformed. In these days of professional manicures mothers ought, at least, to see that there are no ragged nails and raw fingers among their children. A habit of snuffling, or of scraping the throat, or of tapping the floor with the foot, or the table with the knuckles, comes on gradually, but, once fixed, is exceedingly difficult to overcome. "Eternal vigilance" should be a mother's watchword, for the true secret of curing bad habits is in never allowing them to be formed. The "ounce of prevention" is worth more than the "pound of cure." I would not take away anything of boyishness or naturalness. A real boy is worth half a dozen fops or dudes. But I do not see why boys should not be as graceful and well-mannered as their sisters; why they cannot sit down at a table without hitting it and jarring the dishes as well as the tempers of the whole family; why they cannot eat slowly and noiselessly; why they cannot cross a room without stumbling against the furniture; or close a door without slamming it; or sit quietly while reading or listening. It should be perfectly natural for a boy to lift his hat to his mother or sister when he chances to meet them on the street; to rise from a comfortable chair when older persons enter the room; to entertain a visitor when the rest of the household is occupied. Do you say it is too much for a boy to know all these things? If the mother has trained him from babyhood constantly and carefully he will do them without thinking. Good manners are a growth, and boyhood is the time and home the place in which they should grow.

The Skeleton in the Trunk.

The traditional skeleton in the closet is replaced in San Francisco by the skeleton in the trunk, if the *Chronicle* is veracious:

"You would be surprised at the number of orders we fill for trunks with false bottoms," said a trunk manufacturer. "For thieves, eh?" "Sometimes, yes, but more frequently for high toned people. A man came to me one day with an oil painting of a beautiful woman and asked to have the painting built into the bottom of a trunk. Naturally I was curious and, as he was talkative, I soon found out that the painting was of his first wife and that his new wife was awfully jealous. 'I don't like to burn up the old picture, you see,' he said, 'as she is not dead, and it is a sign of mighty bad luck to burn up the picture of a living person. I suspect if she was dead my present wife wouldn't care.' Well, I built the picture into the trunk, sent it home to him and I suppose everything is lovely and the wife thinks the new picture has been destroyed. A woman once came and wanted a trunk with a false bottom arranged so that she could get at it easily. We generally make the openings to false bottoms from the under side, but she wanted this through the upper side of the bottom. I asked her how deep she wanted the false bottom, and she said, absently, 'Oh, big enough to hold a package of letters and a photograph.' Now that was a definite order, wasn't it? Just as if I knew how thick a package of letter was! She was the handsome wife of a rich old husband. But, of course, the commonest order for secret compartment comes from women who want some safe place to hide their money in. A woman thinks there is no place like a trunk for hiding money.

Get Him by Installments.

Little Miss Pert—"Oh, mamma! Lila Benson's got a little brother. Won't you buy me one, mamma?"

"We're too poor, dear, I haven't the money."

"Couldn't you pay a dollar a week on him, mamma? That's the way you got the clothes-wringer, you know."

Throw Away Trusses

when our new method is guaranteed to permanently cure the worst cases of rupture, without the use of the knife. Send 10 cents in stamps for pamphlet and references. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 636 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

REDUCED TO WHITE DUST.

A Graphic Description of the Process of Cremation.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The body of Orson S. Murray, that was taken on Thursday last from this city to the crematorium at Lancaster, Pa., by the son and immediate friends of the deceased. A gentleman who was of the party furnishes the following graphic account of the process of cremation:

Mr. Platt, one of the officers of the Lancaster Cremation society, took charge of the body on its arrival. It was immediately conveyed to the crematorium, where a large number of people of all ages and sexes had congregated to witness the operation. After a short pause and conversation in the reception room, the gentlemen were led into the auditorium, which was filled with visitors from the town. The officers of both societies formed a semi-circle in front of the furnace, with the son of the deceased in the center. The view presented was novel and striking. The small building, resembling in many respects a country meeting-house, built of pressed brick, was too little for the purpose, and the heat from the furnace was intense. In front of the spectators were four doors, opening into the reception, the preparing and the two retort rooms. Only one retort was in position, however, and the heavy iron door protecting the opening to it was about to be removed. A deathly silence prevailed.

A knock at the preparing room door was the signal to begin. The preparing table moved noiselessly into the auditorium bearing its sacred burden, covered with a heavy dark cloth, and was wheeled into position in front of the retort. The cloth was removed and the corpse, enveloped in a large white muslin sheet, soaked in alum water, lay there but for a moment. The door of the retort swung open and the rosy light of 2,200° of heat filled the auditorium. No fire or flame was vissible. Simply the incandescent light thrown by the heat from the brick tiling composing the retort was to be seen, and it like unto the picture of the setting sun on a summer evening. The iron cradle upon which lay the body was rolled from the top of the table noiselessly through the mouth of the retort and it disappeared in the light within. The door swung to and all was over. No noise, no fire, no color, nothing of an unpleasant nature marred the operation. No dull sound of the clod upon the coffin-lid sent a shudder through the nerves of the beholder.

The auditorium was gradually vacated, and no one remained but the son of the deceased and the officers of the two societies before mentioned. A view of the process going on behind that large iron door was to be taken. A delay of half an hour was necessary before the gases being consumed within the retort had sufficiently dispelled themselves to admit of it. Then a small opening, two inches in diameter, was made by pressing a small knob in the wall, and the incineration was to be seen. The cradle was plainly visible, and there lay the body enveloped as before, in its white sheet, to all appearances unscathed. One might have supposed it was the habitation of a human soul, so pure and heavenly was the appearance. The ghost of the gases seemed to have been dispelled, as no odor of any kind could be detected. That a dead body could be resolved into its natural elements so quickly and easily seemed strange, when one thought of the horrible processes going on daily in the burying grounds. Death had lost most of its terror. It seemed beautiful thus to pass away from materiality into vapor.

The process was nearly ended, but not entirely. The opening was closed, and the little party returned to town, to return after dark. Leaving, a view of the building was again had, and one could hardly suppose that so important an act had taken place in so modest a structure. No smoke stack or anything indicating its use was visible. The single word crematorium, hewn in a marble slab and placed above the iron door, told the story.

At 9 o'clock that night the party returned to the crematorium, and a complete inspection of the building was made. Another view was had of the interior of the retort, and now all was passive light. No gaseous flames were visible. The light of the full moon could not have have been milder or more beautiful. The cradle with its apparent burden was completely visible, and the body seemed to rest there unharmed by the heat or the fire that had raged beneath the retort nearly 24 hours. A slight breeze would have destroyed this filmy shell of alum and muslin tissue. But none could reach it until the large iron door could be opened, which could not be done until morning. At 7 a. m. this was done, and a small heap of white ashes was visible. These were carefully removed by means of a wire brush from the bottom of the retort and placed in a small 6x6-inch metal case. They were found to weigh four pounds and one ounce. Small fragments were found among the ashes, which were the remnants of the larger bones of the body, but no organic matter was there. The work was complete. By exposing the ashes to the air for a few hours the whole assumed the appearance of white dust.

IMPERTINENT INFERENCES.

The elephant is a very bad-behaved animal. He turns up his nose at everything that is given him to eat.

A young man's head is like a piece of timber. Nothing permanent can be made of it while it is full of sap.

The fashion of going abroad dates from the time when the chief priest and the Levite passed by on the other side.

A philosopher says: "Never judge a person by the size of his shoes." No. It is always safer to judge him by the size of his ears.

A scientific journal says "few fishes die a natural death." That is not our fault. Just as many die a natural death, as if we didn't go a-fishing.

"A girl who permits of no familiarities by the gentleman of the house" advertised in Cincinnati for a situation, and she received 580 answers in two days.

Land on Wall street costs $6,000,000 an acre. Although that would seem too high for farming purposes, yet a good deal of money is made (and lost) on wheat there.

A Texas judge fined a man for calling him a liar while court was in session. The judge, in explaining to the man's friends, said: "I know that I am a liar, but not while court is in session, gentlemen."

It is said that the Marquis of Salisbury's hair is all on the back of his head. In this respect the Marquis differs from most fashionable women. They generally have some one else's hair on the back of their heads.

No Cholera Where There was Copper.

"There was a curious feature of the outbreak of cholera in 1849 that has not been referred to in recent years," a physician said recently. "It was observed that no workmen engaged in copper mines or in manufacturing any sort of article out of copper, or in handling copper or copper ore, was afflicted with cholera. M. Andrand demonstrated that there was much less electricity in the air in those parts of Paris where cholera raged most fearfully than in the other parts of the city. The two discoveries were put together, and it was inferred that the galvanic action generated by the copper acted as a preventative. It may be that the copper absorbed into the system by the workmen served as an antidote. At any rate, the action of copper in alleviating some kinds of cramp is well known, and there will be no harm in wearing strips of clean copper or of copper and zinc next to the body, as has been recommended by an English physician"—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Consumption of Sugar.

We eat a good deal more sugar than we did five years ago. In 1880 the annual consumption of sugar per head in this country was 41.3 pounds. In 1884 it was 51.4 pounds. At the same time much less molasses is used. Our total consumption of sweets is 56 pounds per head. In England it is 67 pounds. We eat more than twice as much as France, three times as much as Germany, and eight times as much as Russia.

PASTE DIAMONDS.

Young lady, who wants to be an actress What roles do you think I would do best in, pa?

Papa, who has some practical ideas—Breakfast rolls, my dear.

Many negroes believe that the man who carries with him at night the backbone of a cat is invisible to every one. There is now and then a policeman who carries a cat's vertebra.

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them," remarked a small man in the street car as a fat woman sat square down on him.

Little Tom—Good night, mamma.

Mamma—Why, you must not go to bed yet. You have not had your supper.

Little Tom—Oh, no; I'm not going to bed. I thought you were.

Mamma—Go play, child. This is my new Mother Hubbard.

"Waiter, hand me that William," said a tramp seated in a restaurant.

"Who's dat, sah?" asked the dusky knight, with a puzzled look.

"That William, that 'ere card," pointing.

"Oh, de bill of fare, sah."

"Yes, that's it, only I'm not familiar enough with it to call it Bill."

The particulars of the Freedom affair have at length come to hand. It seems that Freedom was skating around the rink in company with Kosciusko on the evening in question, when her foot slipped in attempting the grape-vine roll, and she went over, carrying her partner down on top of her. "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell!" Of course; so would any other girl in her place. Kosci. must have weighed 275 pounds without his skates on at that time.

"Say, Charles," said Mr. Buysell to his clerk, "if you will buy a sealskin sacque for your wife I'll give you $25 toward the purchase."

"I will do it," replied the clerk, "but Mr. Buysell, why this burst of liberality?"

"No liberality about it, my dear boy. If your wife come out in a sealskin, don't you see it will save me the expense of having to buy one for Mrs. Buysell."

"How so?"

"Why, you don't suppose she'd wear the same kind of clothes as my clerk's wife wears, do you?"

"SWELLS" IN THE SURF.

Some of the Bathing Dresses Worn by the Exclusives.

At Elberon some of the bathing dresses worn this year are very effective. The elder of two fair bathers last week wore sea dress, so-called. The material was serge, of a soft shade of brown. The frock and trousers were trimmed with brown lace to match; the brown cap had red pompons. On the bodice and between the fold of lace were tied bows of red serge; brown sandals and stockings worked in red completed the "get up." The younger lady wore a costume of a soft, fine, clinging woollen material. It was made with a white waistcoat trimmed with Venetian lace in zigzag fashion. The large collar was of the same lace and around the edge of the trousers was a flounce of the same material. White silk pompons ornamented her hat and her stockings were of light blue silk. A third was still more fanciful than these. It was all white and cut in the Louis XIII. style, with a waistcoat trimmed with gold lace and there was a gold edging of lace around the bottom of the trousers. The white silk stockings were embroidered with gold, also the shoes, which fitted the owner's tiny feet superbly.

Some of the new bathing suits at Long Branch are fearfully and wonderfully made. A Boston girl, tall, fair and well-formed, with pretty face, blue eyes, and a wealth of blonde hair done up in a braid of glittering gold at the back, yesterday wore a tight-fitting red Jersey suit striped with white and blue. It was cut decollete, while from the top in front circled a chain of pink links which passed beneath the armpits and met again in an easy curve at the back of the neck. The waist had a brief folding skirt. Upon her pretty head was perched in regal fashion a pink man-of-war-man's hat, the hue of which only heightened the brightness of the lovely face beneath. The appearance of this Boston girl on the beach created a sensation, and many persons paused to watch the startling vision of loveliness.

FLIRTING WITH A PRINCESS.

Observations of a Correspondent on Intimate Terms With the Royal Family.

London Letter.

I caught the Duke of Cambridge the other day in a funny position. I had business with an aide-de-camp and in a mistake went into the Duke's room. He had his easy toggery on and was at the window looking upon the park and grounds of Marlborough House, and oh! shocking! making signals of a most affectionate character to a young lady at an opposite window. In the ardor of his signaling business the duke had not heard my footsteps on the carpet and I thought the best thing I could do was to discreetly and silently back out. As I did so the lady leaned forward and the sun shone on her face, and I recognized the Princess of Wales, who, with some of the youngsters, was sitting in a sort of exposure enjoying a bit of gossip by signal with the old warrior, on whose every movement at this moment the eyes of all Europe were, figuratively, supposed to be resting. Instead of signing warrants creating armies to march forth to destruction, the old boy was diverting himself in his peculiar and unique manner with the young folks of the royal family. I afterward learned a regular code of signals had been established by the field marshal by which he could communicate with the Prince or Princess.

How They Kiss.

Miss Emma Neveda recently kissed 300 girls in San Francisco. Such reckless waste is almost criminal.

We never see a gray moustache tickling the lips of a pretty girl without thinking of mildewed cherries.

A New York couple are keeping a journal of the number of kisses they have enjoyed since their wedding. Of course there is nothing against the bookkeeper.

One of the duties of the viceroy of Ireland is to kiss all the young ladies presented at his "drawing rooms." We don't how much the viceroy of Ireland is paid a year, but we should think he would be willing to give a bonus of a couple of thousand dollars more than his salary in order to retain the position.

Maggie kissed me at the gate;
I am married, she is single,
Yet the soft touch of her lips
Made my bosom sweetly tingle.

Maggie kissed me; nothing loth,
I at once leaned o'er and kissed her.
Was I faithless to my troth?
Maggie is my baby sister.

The Bondage of the Smoker.

Yes, it is a terrible bondage. It is a slavery. Yes, I inhale the smoke, and then blow it out again. It is very silly, is it not? I do the same thing with my breath. Away with this useless breath. Some breaths are much pleasanter far, far away. Why do I smoke cigars? Because I am the biggest, and therefore the cigar cannot help itself. It is an economical habit. The smoke of the cigar keeps the moths out of my hair. Then I use tobacco to preserve human life. Science tells me that three drops of the oil of tobacco placed upon the tongue of a rattlesnake or a dog will kill either or both of them in a minute. I tremble to think how many times I walked in the very shadow of death before I began to carry a plug of tobacco around with me. Now when I meet a mad dog I am secure. He may bite me, but I will kill him. The cannibal who eats me will dream that night that he got hold of the wrong prescription.—*Burdette.*

Proper Size for a Flag.

The following are the proper dimensions of the American flag for decoration purposes. They are adopted by the United States Bureau of Navigation: No 1, 36x19 feet; No. 2, 14 30-500x27 19-100 feet; No. 3, 12 19-100x23 10-100 feet; No. 4, 8 94-100x16 94-100 feet; No. 5, 5 14-100x9 57-100 feet (storm flag.) The measurements of boat flags are as follows: No. 6, 8 52-100x6 67-100 feet; No. 7, 2 90x5 50x100 feet; No. 8, 9 87-100x4 50-100 feet. The flags are made with thirteen stripes to represent the thirteen original states of the Union, and at present the field of blue contains 38 stars, one for each state in the Union.

"Crossest Man in Alabama."

"De crossest man in Alabama lives dar," said the driver as we approached a way-side home, near Selma, Ala., to ask accommodations for the night. At supper, and after it, "mine host" scowled at every one, found fault with every thing earthly, and I was wondering if he would not growl if the heavenly halo didn't fit him, when incidental mention being made of the comet of 1882, he said: "I didn't like its form, its tail should have been fan shaped!"

But, next morning, he appeared half offended at our offering pay for his hospitality! My companion, however, made him accept as a present a sample from his case of goods.

Six weeks later, I drew up at the same house. The planter stepped lithely from the porch, and greeted me cordially. I could scarcely believe that this clear complexioned, bright-eyed, animated fellow, and the morose being of a few weeks back, were the same. He inquired after my companion of the former visit and regretted he was not with me. "Yes," said his wife, "we are both much indebted to him."

"How?" I asked, in surprise.

"For this wonderful change in my husband. Your friend when leaving, handed him a bottle of Warner's safe cure. He took it, and two other bottles, and now—" "And now," he broke in, "from an ill-feeling, growling old bear, I am healthy and so cheerful my wife declares she has fallen in love with me again!"

It has made over again a thousand love matches, and keeps sweet the tempers of the family circle everywhere.—*Copyrighted,—Used by permission of American Rural Home.*

THE SUN SPOT THEORY.

The Evidence Connecting Them With Storms Upon the Earth.

The theory that connects spots on the sun with violent storms on the earth has derived considerable strength from the events of the past four years, during which there has been a maximum of sun spots and a very remarkable series of meteorological disturbances upon our planet. Perhaps no stronger evidence in favor of this theory has been presented than that furnished within the past few weeks. Tornadoes, cyclones, violent storms of hail and snow, and waterspouts have during that time wrought destruction in almost every quarter of the habitable globe. Coincidently with these terrestrial outbursts the sun has been frequently dotted with remarkable spots showing intense activity, although the maximum of the spots was probably passed two years ago.

Just now the sun presents a very curious appearance when viewed with a telescope. Strung completely across its disk are a great number of black spots, and advancing upon the eastern edge is a huge double cluster of spots, where for millions upon millions of square miles the surface of the sun appears to be torn and rent asunder. One of these clusters presents the appearance of cyclonic action on a gigantic scale—a cyclone in whose mad whirl the earth would spin like a whipped top! All around this excessively agitated region, the solar surface is driven into flaming ridges, presenting a most wonderful and picturesque display of those tremendous fire mountains of the sun which are known by the singularly weak and inexpressive name of faculæ. If during the coming fortnight, while this great double group is crossing the disk of the sun, there should be an unusual prevalence of destructive storms in various parts of the earth, the coincidence would add valuable evidence to what has already been collected, showing a direct action of solar disturbances upon the atmosphere of the earth.

In the mean time it is worth anybody's while to take a look through a telescope at the glowing countenance of the god of day.

Favorite Names for Girls.

What are the favorite names for girls—apart, of course, from the acknowledged supremacy of Mary? This has long been a disputed question, and there is perhaps no way of settling it but by going deliberately into statistics. Such an opportunity is given in the long list of names printed yesterday of graduates and distinguished pupils at the Normal school. We have had the curiosity to analyze this list of 300, and, disregarding pet and diminutive names on principle, and throwing aside initials of necessity, we extract these fairly trustworthy figures of cases where names are favored to the extent of five each or upward. Mary leads off with 30, but she is rather closely pressed by Anna with 24. Elizabeth is third with 17, and Laura is a good fourth with 16. Margaret 13, and Katherine 12, are the only other double figures. Then in order come these choices of names; Helen 9, Emma 8, Lilian 8, Clara 7, Jane 7, Louisa 6, Alice 6, Caroline 5, Emily 5, Harriet 5, Florence 5. So apt are people to go in droves that it is quite likely these proportions would hold in 3,000 names, or in any other number, as well as in 300.

Two Problems in Gastronomics.

Manchester Courier.

In a weaving mill near Manchester, where the ventilation was bad, the proprietor caused a fan to be mounted. The operators, instead of thanking their employer, made a formal complaint that the ventilator had increased their appetites, and, theretore, entitled them a corresponding increase in wages. By stopping the fan a part of the day the ventilation and veracity of the establishment were brought to medium standard, and the complaints ceased. The operatives' wages would but just support them; any additional demand by the stomachs could only be answered by drafts upon their backs, which were by no means in a condition to answer them.

In Edinburgh a club was provided with a dinner in a well-ventilated apartment, the air being perfumed as it entered, imitating in successsion the fragrance of the lavender and the orange flower. During the dinner the members enjoyed themselves as usual, but were not a little surprised at the announcement of the provider that they had drunk three times as much wine as he had usually provided. The perfume of the air was the cause of the increased appetite for wine. It is a clever scheme of the hotel keeper, by which he is fast reaping a fortune.

Among the Little Ones.

"Minnie has been to see me to-day," said a little 5-year old, "and she behaved like a little lady." "I hope you did, too," said her mother. "Yes, indeed I did; I turned somersets for her on the bed."

The owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment she ever received was from a child of 4 years. The little fellow, after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired naively: "Are your eyes new ones?"

A bright little girl, having been asked to write a sentence introducing the word "carrion," presented the following to her teacher: "Bad children often carrion in church when they ought to be quiet."

Said I to little brother Howard: "There, your toes are out of your stockings again; seems to me they wear out in a hurry." Giving a comical leer, he said: "Do you know why stockings wear out first at the toes?" "No." "Because toes wiggle and heels don't."

How

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases. When specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, such as involve abstruse reasoning, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Questions for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the Question Bureau, and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it, and is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the next issue. The question bureau is always full, and we are frequently two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle petty disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are published because it is thought they are of general interest, and because we have the right to demand a reply. As all matter for this department passes through the hands of one man, he is the sole judge of what shall and what shall not be answered. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

S. B. Mentone, Ind.: There is no premium offered for silver half-dollars of 1825. Once more: The Bureau will not answer questions by mail.

I. M. L., Hamilton, Mo.:
Where can I get a treatise on practical mining, by a standard author?
Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

Reader, Philipsburg, Kans.:
1. How many hours per day the clerks in the departmental service at Washington are required to work. 2. Are they allowed any vacation?
1. From five to eight. Very few work eight. 2. Yes.

B. H., Richmond, Ind.:
1. Can a crow learn to talk? If so, is it necessary to cut or split its tongue? 2. Is wire string injurious to a fine guitar?
1. I have never heard of one where a crow has been learned to utter a few words. Don't know anything about slitting their tongues. 2. Yes.

Vera, Emporia, Kan.:
Please give as extended description as possible of our country's public lands.
Kill our Indians and take their lands. Three or four columns might be written on the subject, but what's the use when seven words will tell the whole story?

Sandy, Montgomery City.:
1. Please give the shape and extent of the National Debt. 2. Who was the chief executive of the United States under the Articles of Confederation?
1. It is 65 miles north and south by 55 miles east and west, comprising 3,575 square miles. It has been described in these columns several times. 2. The Presidents of the Continental Congress were Peyton Randolph, Virginia; Henry Hancock, Massachusetts; John Hancock, Massachusetts; Henry Laurens, South Carolina; John Jay, New York; Samuel Huntington, Connecticut; Thomas McKean, Delaware; John Hanson, Maryland; Arthur St. Clair, New Jersey; Thomas Mifflin, Pennsylvania; Richard Henry Lee, Virginia; Nathaniel Gorham, Massachusetts; Arthur St. Clair, Pennsylvania; Cyrus Griffin, Virginia. These Presidents did not preside over the Congress of the United States, but over the Continental Congress, which met at Philadelphia, Lancaster, York, Philadelphia, Princeton, Annapolis, Trenton and Philadelphia.

C. G. Shabtena, Ill.:
Please give a brief history of Copenhagen, Denmark, and its population at present.
The population now is about 275,000. The first mention of Copenhagen in Danish history belongs to the year 1043, when the kings of Norway and Sweden took advantage of the absence of Canute in England to attack his kingdom. It is called merely the Hofn or Haven; but it was not until the early part of the middle of the twelfth century, when Valdemar I. presented that part of the island to Axel Hvide, renowned in Danish history as Absalon, Bishop of Lund, that it became the archbishop of Lund, in 1167, or shortly after, this prelate erected a castle on the spot where the Christianborg palace now stands, and the building soon grew into a town. Before the middle of the fourteenth century, however, it had attained considerable importance, and from 1254 to 1294 received a large number of municipal rights and privileges, which were confirmed and augmented in 1294 by King Eric Glypping. Meanwhile its prosperity excited the envy and attack of the people of Lübeck, in 1248, and by another on the part of Prince Yarimar of Riga, in 1259. In 1306 it managed to repel the Norwegians, but in 1369, and again in 1398, it was captured by the opponents of Valdemar Atterdag. In the following century a new enemy appeared in the Hanseatic League, which was jealous of its rival's, but their invasion was frustrated by Queen Thora and her troops. Various other unsuccessful kings to obtain the town from the see of Roskilde as the most suitable for the royal residence, but it was not till 1443 that the transference was effected, and Copenhagen became the capital of the kingdom. From 1533 to 1534 it held out for Christian II., against Frederick I., and it was only after a year's siege that it yielded to the latter. From 1658 to 1660 it was unsuccessfully beleaguered by Charles Gustavus of Sweden; and in the following year it was rewarded by various privileges for its gallant defence. In 1700 it was the scene of the battle which ended the Swedish war of Frederick III. In 1700 it was bombarded by the united fleets of England, Holland and Sweden; in 1728 a conflagration destroyed 1640 houses and five churches; another in 1794 consumed the Christianborg, and a third in 1795 laid waste 943 houses, the church of St. Nicholas, and the Exchange. In 1801 the Danish fleet was destroyed in the roadstead by the English under Nelson; and in 1807 the city was bombarded by the British under Lord Cathcart, and saw the destruction of 1,600 of its dwellings, its principal church, and numerous other edifices. In 1853 it lost 4000 of its population from cholera.

C. E. B., Stromsburg, Neb.:
1. Tell me what the Hessian fly looks like. 2. Of what is isinglass made?
1. The Hessian fly is about one-tenth of an inch long and the expanse of wings one-quarter of an inch or more; the head, antennae, thorax, and feet are black; the hind body is tawny, marked with black on the upper side, and clothed with grayish hairs; the wings are blackish, tawny at the narrow base, fringed with short hairs, and rounded at the tip; the legs pale red or brownish; the egg tube rose-colored. The antennae are long, with distinct-like joints, and in the male, surrounded by whorls of short hairs, with fifteen to eighteen joints, globular in the male, oblong oval in the female; the proboscis is short, and is kept concealed; the palpi are clasp-shaped; legs long and slender, with the first joint of the feet short; and the wings with few veins. This insect, so destructive in some seasons in the valley of the Hudson, and Europe, generally matures two broods in the course of a year, appearing in spring and autumn, earliest in the southern states, the transformations of some of the broods in various ways, so that their life from the egg to the perfect insect may be a year or more, rendering the continuance of the species in after years more sure. The female, after pairing, lays about fifty somewhat and pale red, are placed in the longitudinal creases of the leaves of both winter and spring wheat very soon after the plants are above ground, to the number of 20, 30 or more on a leaf; if the weather be warm, they are hatched in four or five days, and the larvae, small footless maggots, tapering at each end, and of a pale red, crawl down the leaf and fix themselves between it and the main stalk, just below the sixth joint of the plant, the remaining head downward till their transformations are completed, nourished by the juices of the plant, which they obtain by suction. Two or three larvae thus feeding on a single plant cause it to wither and die. In about six weeks they attain their full size, 5-20th of an inch long, when the skin gradually hardens and becomes of a bright chestnut color, forming the puparium, or pupa of the autumn brood, and in June or July in the spring brood. In the beginning of this, the pupa state, they look like flax seed; in two or three weeks the pupa skin within becomes detached from the leathery skin, and lie loosely in it, a motionless grub; within this it gradually advances toward the winged state about the end of April or beginning of May, according to the warmth of the season, and then matures it breaks through this ease, enveloped in a delicate skin, which soon splits on the back, setting the perfect insect at liberty. Many of those had in the fall, and left in the stubble, and remain unchanged until the following spring; some, however, do not get so low on the stalk as to be out of the way of the sickle, and straw with the straw may be transported long distances, and might have been brought in the flax-seed state across the Atlantic from Europe. The perfect insects, though small, are active and fly considerable distances in search of fields of grain. Burning the stubble in wheat, rye, and barley fields, afterward plowing and harrowing the land, appears to be the best remedy. Where the fly has made its escape, sleeping the grain, rolling it in plaster or lime, or other methods of securing a rapid and vigorous growth, sowing the fields with wood ashes and feeding off the crop by cattle in the autumn, are the most approved methods. In some parts of the world it is obtained from different fishes and the isinglass of commerce is consequently of various qualities. The best is found among the various kinds exported from Russia, and that which is brought to St. Petersburg from Astrakhan, and said to be obtained from the sturgeon called the beluga (acipenser huso) of the Caspian Sea and the Volga. In the sterlet, a fish, a species which attains a length of 25 feet. According to some authorities, the sound is cut open, washed and then exposed to the air, the inner silvery membrane is then removed, this membrane is then stripped off, placed in damp cloths, and kneaded in the hands. Taken out and dried, it forms the leaf isinglass; folded like sheets of paper. It is the book isinglass; wound in the form of a roll, or two rolls, or turned round three pegs, it forms the varieties known as long or short staple. According to Martin, the inner membranes is removed by beating and rubbing, and the thicker membrane is preserved. The isinglass called Samovey is brought from Tagaurog. The leaf, book and short staple from this place are all of inferior quality. The varieties from the United States and Siberia are better. The Brazilian isinglass, imported from Para and Maranhao, is obtained in various forms distinguished as pipe, lump and honeycomb. It appears to be the product of different kinds of fish, and to be prepared with little care. It is largely used in brewing establishments for fining the liquors; and though it is too impure for the finest uses, it is largely employed to adulterate the better kinds. Its presence may be detected by the isinglass failing to dissolve readily and completely in hot water, and by its forming with this an opalescent and milky jelly in which may be observed the insoluble shreds common to the Brazilian article. Its smell also is often disagreeable, while that of the pure Russian isinglass is inoffensive as the odor of seaweed, which it somewhat resembles. The isinglass of New York and New England is obtained from the sounds of the codfish (morrhua vulgaris) and of the common hake (phycis Americanus.) They are macerated in water, and afterward rolled out in long strips a few inches wide. The quality of this isinglass is poor, its solution not readily obtained, and its color dark. It is used for the same purpose as the Brazilian. Other varieties are produced in other maritime countries.

G. A. F., Milford, Ills.:
I would like to know to whom to apply to find out when and where the most important fairs will be held in the states of Illinois and Indiana.
Address the secretary of the board of agriculture, at Springfield and Indianapolis.

S. C., Burlingame, Kan.:
1. Please give the address of the United States land commissioner of Arkansas. 2. Is there a Sunday law in Arkansas and Kansas?
1. The United States land offices in Arkansas are at Little Rock, Camden, Harrison and Dardanelles. Address the register at either place; it does not matter about his name. 2. Think not.

D. L. W., Valley Center, Kan.:
Please give the law granting a soldier a claim in government land. How long must I stay on my claim, after serving three years in the army, and what is the cost, all told?
No matter how long a soldier served, he must remain on the land one year. In your case, two years residence is required. The cost is from $7 to $34.

Reader, Kansas:
What is meant by the "Associated Press?"
Please give us an inside view of its workings.
The Associated Press is a news journal by the daily papers of New York, in order to distribute the telegraphic news most expeditiously. It gradually extended to other cities, until now it embraces every city of importance. The association has agents and reporters whose business it is to gather the news and transmit it by telegraph to all its members. In this way all members of the association receive the same news about the same time. It costs a great deal of money to keep up the organization, and each paper belonging to it must pay its share or forfeit the franchise.

Observer, Kansas:
1. Please tell whether all railroads, besides their individual secret meetings, are united in a general secret organization. 2. Can railroad companies lawfully build a railroad outside their own possessions, however short, without first getting a charter from the state legislature? 3. When a man favoring railroads runs for a high office, he is usually bitterly opposed by some even good people. Why so?
1. It is generally said, but as it is a secret, you know as much about it as the Blade. 2. No. 3. Usually because the voters think the railroad corporations are becoming too powerful in this country, and may undertake, in time, to control national affairs, as they have, in several instances, controlled state affairs.

D. R. C., Quenemo, Kan.:
In the game of base ball, is there such a thing as pitching or throwing a curved ball? If so, please explain.
There is such a thing as throwing or pitching a ball so that its course will describe a curve. When the curved ball was first talked of, college professors hooted at the idea and made it a theme for numerous theoretical effusions, but practical demonstration knocked their theories sky high. The different curves are thrown by grasping the ball and throwing it in such a manner as to give it a twirling motion. If a pitcher wishes to curve a ball to the right, he twirls it in that direction, and the same thing is done for the other curves. The twirl probably causes the friction with the air to be greater on one side of the ball than on the other, and when the initial velocity is overcome the ball begins to describe a curved course.

R. S. T., Tacomia, Kan.:
Will you please publish the tradition of the origin of the custom of scalping their foes by the North American Indians?
Hundreds of years ago—perhaps thousands—when the Indians were all one tribe and under one great chief, a dispute arose in the tribe as to who should become chief, the old chief having died without leaving a son to succeed him. There were two principal aspirants for the chieftaincy, and each of them had a strong following. The dispute end in dividing the tribe and in war. Previous to this time scalping was unknown, as there were no enemies to scalp, the land being occupied by only one people. Peace was proclaimed by the two factions, and the chief of one side had a beautiful daughter, and one of the leading warriors was a suitor for her hand. The chief, as a condition to consenting to give his daughter to her warrior lover, required him to kill the chief of the opposing tribe (his old-time rival for the chieftaincy), and to bring him proof of the act. The warrior accepted the condition. It was many long miles to the enemy's camp, and the snow was deep, and he immediately set out on his mission. After lying in wait near the enemy's camp for days and undergoing great suffering from the inclement weather, he seized an opportunity of carrying out his plan, he finally, one night, boldly entered the camp, walked into the great chief's lodge, slew him, and, cutting off his head to show to the chief who sent him, started to return to his own people. The next morning the murder was discovered, also the murderer's tracks in the snow and drops of blood which had fallen from the dead chief's severed head. Two hundred warriors started in pursuit of the murderer. They almost overtook him and he could hear them on his track. He was almost tired out and the chief's blood was growing heavy, but he toggled on with it through the snow and cold, determined to not relinquish the proof which would win for him his bride. The pursuers pressed him so at length that he threw away the head, but his pride to the last would not allow him to scalp it, and finally he gained on the weary brave so fast that it seemed that he must either relinquish his prize or be captured, which, of course, would be death. But he had stripped out his rude knife (it was before the time of steel knives among the Indians) he hurriedly stripped off the scalp from the dead man's head and sped on. This lightened of his load he made his own camp in safety, the scalp was accepted as sufficient proof that he had fulfilled his mission, the chief no longer withheld his consent, and the bright-eyed daughter of the forest became his own. Thus originated the custom of scalping among the American Indians.

J. F. F., Yella, Ia.:
Please describe how malleable cast iron is made. 2. Where can I get a book treating on the subject?
1. It would require considerable space to fully describe the manufacture of iron, and we give more than usual to a single question in this imperfect description: A blast furnace consists of a long cone inverted upon a shorter cone, at the bottom of which is a passage called the crucible, into which are inserted three pipes termed tuyeres, through which the blast is conveyed; also a larger opening, through which the slag may be withdrawn at the cinder vails. At the bottom is a hole called the tap-hole, usually closed with clay, for drawing off the reduced metal when a sufficient quantity is formed. The furnace is filled with coal, limestone and ore from a hole near the top, the charge being renewed from time to time, as the materials burn down. The action by which the ore is reduced to the metallic state may be stated as follows: The oxygen of the air of the blast combines with the carbon of the coal to form carbonic acid during the process of combustion. The carbonic acid, in its passage through the rest of the heated fuel, is decomposed, being converted into carbonic oxide. The carbonic oxide, still ascending, meets with the hydrogen and coal gas, together with which it forms a reducing mixture, abstracts from the oxygen of the ore and setting free the iron in a metallic state, which sinks down to the bottom of the furnace, where it comes in contact with the carbon of the coal. With this carbon a fusible compound of iron is formed, increasing the fusibility of the reduced iron to such an extent that the lime, clay and silica present, which have been converted into a fusible slag, float on the top as an impervious glaze. The slag runs over through the side apertures provided for the purpose, and the metal is withdrawn every 12 or 24 hours through the tap-hole. It is run into moulds, consisting of a long channel, from each side of which run shorter ones. The central channel is known as the sow, the side ones as pigs; hence the term pig iron as applied to rough cast iron. Great improvements have lately been made in the process of smelting iron, by the introduction of a heated blast for urging the combustion, and by using the combustible gases issuing from the top of the furnace for heating the blast, or the boilers of the steam engines used for the blowing machines. These improvements are now in use at most of the principal ironworks; and an idea of their importance may be gathered from the fact that fifteen or twenty years ago a yield of 50 tons per week per furnace was thought to be a large quantity; whereas now, at the Ulverstone and other works, 600 and 650 tons per week is thought an ordinary yield. Not only has the amount of fuel used has been reduced to one-quarter by the same means. The iron that comes from the furnace is generally much too impure to be used for any but the very lowest castings; it therefore has to be remelted, to drive off as much as possible of the uncombined carbon, or graphite, silicon, phosphorus, sulphur and other impurities. A single refusion converts it into what is termed "No. 2 pig," or grey iron, a fusible and liquid metal; a second and third still further purifying it from carbon, until it is converted into refined or white iron, in which the whole of the carbon is combined with the metal. This description of cast-iron is only used for conversion into malleable iron; for although it melts easily, it forms a much more pasty mass than some of the intermediate qualities of grey iron, which melt into a more liquid metal, fitting them for casting purposes. Refined iron made from the German spathose ores contains a large quantity of combined carbon and manganese and crystalizes into large plates. It is termed spiegel-eisen, or mirror iron, from the brilliancy of its crystaline structure, and is much valued for making steel. Founders are accustomed to divide cast-iron into three or four qualities: No. 1, pig or black cast-iron, which contains a large proportion of uncombined carbon; No. 2, or grey cast-iron, which contains more combined carbon; No. 3, or mottled, which contains only a few grains of uncombined carbon, here and there, giving it a mottled appearance; No. 4, or refined iron, in which the whole of the carbon is combined. No. 4 is very hard and brittle, and is fit for puddling or conversion into malleable or wrought iron. This is effected by bringing an ingot of refined iron to a state of fusion in a reverberatory furnace, taking care to avoid the contact of fuel. The heat is continued until the ingot parts with its carbon, which is assisted by throwing on it scales of oxide, if required. When the proper point is reached, the ingot becomes more and more pasty, until at length it is converted into a granular seedy mass. The heat is now raised until it becomes very intense, and the air is excluded by closing the damper and doors. The metal begins to agglomerate in round masses, or blooms, which the puddler collects on the end of an iron rod and subjects, while still hot, either to the action of a hammer or to a powerful press, called a sloughing-press, which squeezes out the slag and other impurities, and forces the particles of the iron closer together. The iron is then rolled into bars and forms what is termed homogenous iron, a quality of metal much used where great hardness is required. It is distinguished by its granular texture when notched and broken. It is much used for the tops of railway bars and for wearing surfaces of railway wheels. 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E. K., Pluckney, Mich.:
Where is the headquarters of the Toledo, Columbus & Southern railway company, and what is the president's name, and where does he reside?
Headquarters in Toledo; F. A. White, president.

H. S. H., (no postoffice):
1. Please give date of admission of Colorado as a state. I find three different dates given. 2. Also name of the present emperor of Russia.
1. The act took effect August 1, 1876. It was organized as a territory February 28, 1861. 2. Alexander III.

E. A. S., Malone, N. Y.:
Was there ever a candidate nominated on the Prohibition ticket before last fall? If so, who was it?
James Black was the Temperance candidate in 1872, and Green Clay Smith the Prohibition candidate in 1876.

Sub., Port Clinton, O.:
Please give the origin of the name Knickerbocker.
Washington Irving, in 1809, published a humorous "History of New York," of which the name of Diedrich Knickerbocker, an imaginary character, was given as the author.

C. B. S., Arkansas City, Kan.:
Please tell us in column of Questions and Answers how green corn is put up at those canning establishments that it keeps so well? If not, give us some good recipe for canning green corn.
Two recipes were given in Weekly Blade of July 2. Such queries must be sent to the Household and not to the Bureau.

J. F. W., Pavia, Kans.:
1. What relation to our markets do the English markets bear? 2. Who are the acknowledged leaders of the two divisions for and against tariff? 3. Can Brown, Eager & Co., of Toledo, furnish information in full on the tariff issue?
1. The London and Liverpool markets, as a general thing, control the market quotations in this country in breadstuff's, etc. 2. There are no "acknowledged leaders" on either side, so far as we know. 3. Yes.

Sub., Lookout, Wy. Ter.:
I am always puzzled to know the size of a book when described as a folio, quarto, etc. Please explain.
The words folio, quarto, octavo and duodecimo have ceased to possess any specific meaning. The associated librarians of Great Britain have agreed to define them as follows:

Large folio	La. fol	Over	18 inches
Folio	Fol	Below	18 inches
Small folio	Sm. fol	Below	13 inches
Large quarto	Large 4to	Below	15 inches
Quarto	4to	Below	11 inches
Small quarto	Sm. 4to	Below	8 inches
Large octavo	La. 8vo	Below	11 inches
Octavo	8vo	Below	9 inches
Small octavo	Sm. 8vo	Below	6 inches
Duodecimo	12mo	Below	8 inches
Decimo octavo	18mo	Is	6 inches
Minimo	Mo	Below	6 inches

Housekeeper, Curtis, Ark.:
Why is Mocha coffee so much dearer than other coffee? Where is it raised?
The genuine Mocha coffee is produced in the province of Yemen, South Arabia. It takes its name from Moiha, the chief port of exportation, on the Red Sea. Very little of it, and that of inferior quality, is ever seen west of Constantinople. Mr. W. G. Palgrave, the Arabian traveler, says: "Arabia itself, Syria, and Egypt consume fully two-thirds of the annual crop, and the remainder is almost exclusively absorbed by Turkish and Armenian osophagi. Nor do these last get for their share the best or the purest. Before reaching the harbors of Alexandria, Jaffa, Beyrout, etc., for exportation beyond there, the northern bales have been sifted and sweated, grain by grain, and whatever they may have contained of the hard, rounded, half transparent greenish-brown berry, the only one really worth roasting and consuming, has been carefully picked out by experienced fingers, and it is the less generous residue of flattened, opaque, and whitish grains which almost alone goes on the shipping. So constant is this selecting process that a gradation regular as the degrees in a map may be observed in the quality of Mokha, that is Yemen, coffee, even within the limits of Arabia itself in proportion as one approaches or recedes from, Wadi Nyran and the neighboring Holy Mecca, the first stages of the radiating mart." About 10,000 pounds of this coffee are exported annually through the port of Mocha, says another writer, who had an opportunity of thus carrying out his plan, he finally, one night, boldly entered the camp, walked into the great chief's lodge, slew him, and, cutting off his head to show to the chief who sent him, started to return to his own people. The next morning the murder was discovered, also the murderer's tracks in the snow and drops of blood which had fallen from the dead chief's severed head. Two hundred warriors started in pursuit of the murderer. They almost overtook him and he could hear them on his track. He was almost tired out and the chief's blood was growing heavy, but he toggled on with it through the snow and cold, determined to not relinquish the proof which would win for him his bride. The pursuers pressed him so at length that he threw away the head, but his pride to the last would not allow him to scalp it, and finally he gained on the weary brave so fast that it seemed that he must either relinquish his prize or be captured, which, of course, would be death. But he had stripped out his rude knife (it was before the time of steel knives among the Indians) he hurriedly stripped off the scalp from the dead man's head and sped on. This lightened of his load he made his own camp in safety, the scalp was accepted as sufficient proof that he had fulfilled his mission, the chief no longer withheld his consent, and the bright-eyed daughter of the forest became his own. Thus originated the custom of scalping among the American Indians.

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POSTAL MEMORANDUM.

A Compend or the Changes in the Law, Going Into Effect July 1.

1. Rates of postage on second-class matter will be one cent per pound, or fraction thereof, including papers for Canada, with the exceptions noted below.

2. Publications of second-class other than sample copies of weekly papers, published where there is a letter-carrier office, must be paid by postage stamps affixed at the rate of one cent for each paper, or on each periodical not exceeding two ounces in weight, or two cents on each periodical if weighing over two ounces, if they are to be delivered by carrier in the city of publication. If they are to be delivered through the lock-boxes or through the general delivery they can be mailed at pound rates. Sample copies of weekly papers published in a city where there is a letter-carrier service, to be distributed by carriers in same city, must have postage stamps affixed.

3. Each piece of second-class matter offered for mailing must be properly enclosed in a wrapper, clearly addressed, or all pieces of mail-matter for one postoffice may be securely enclosed in one wrapper, addressed to postmasters, provided each piece enclosed is properly addressed.

4. Any article or item in any newspaper or other publication may be marked for observation, except by written or printed words, without increase of postage.

5. Second-class matter can have no enclosure, except in the form of a regular supplement, or "bills, receipts and orders for subscription, provided such bills, receipts and orders shall be in such form as to convey no other information than the name, location and subscription price of publication or publications to which they refer."

6. Second-class matter cannot be enclosed in envelopes, but must be wrapped exposed at both ends, so that the contents can be readily examined.

7. On the wrapper of second-class matter no printing will be allowed, beyond the name and address of the publisher or news agent and name of the publication, except a request to the postmaster to notify in case paper is not taken out or delivered, or request to return the same, or to deliver the same to some other person if not called for, or notify when subscription ends.

8. Third class and second class matter must be put up and delivered at the post office in separate packages.

9. Sample copies of second-class publications should be marked on wrapper, "Sample copy." To be delivered in city of publication, postage one cent on each newspaper, without regard to weight or frequency of issue; postage on periodicals other than newspapers is one cent if not exceeding two ounces in weight, and two cents if exceeding two ounces in weight. News agents can not send sample copies at pound rates.

10. As many persons refuse to take from the postoffice papers which are sent to them as sample copies, if not so marked, for fear of obligating themselves, under laws of most states, to pay for a year's subscription, the great advantage to publishers in marking on the wrappers of all sample copies the word "Sample Copy" is apparent.

11. Second-class matter will be returned to publishers by request printed on the wrapper, or by special request, at pound rates. Each separate package will be rated separately, one cent a pound or fraction thereof.

12. Second-class matter mailed by other persons than publishers, becomes special matter, specially entitled to pass through the mails at one cent for each four ounces or fraction thereof.

13. Letters, merchandise sealed against inspection, and other first-class matter, will pass the mail at two cents for each ounce or fraction thereof, without package being limited to four pounds in weight, as in the case of third and fourth class matter.

14. Merchandise not sealed and other wise mailable, can pass through the mails at one cent for each ounce or fraction thereof.

15. Manuscript by itself is first-class matter. Proofs and corrected proofs, are third-class matter, and may be accompanied by the original written manuscript.

FITS: All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

The Drunken Women of London.

Walk along Fleet street, go slowly along the Strand or any one of the many streets, lanes and alleys crossing those two great arteries at right angles, look into any of the beer or whisky shops at any hour of the day or night and count the souls there. You will find more women than men—women with babes at the breast, young girls from 16 up, old women with bloated faces and every tender lineament of their sex blotted from their countenances by the brutalizing agency of alcohol; old women, too, scarcely able to stand from the combined effects of age and dissipation.

It is a horrible spectacle, which I have never seen in any other part of the world. These poor female wretches huddled together outside the bar in small rooms ten feet square, perhaps, imbibing the soul poison from morn till night, cheering each other mayhaps by ribald talk and jest, neglecting all the duties of womanhood for the sake of the loved dram or pint, and after spending all their pennies or ha'pence, as the case may be, reeling out into the busy streets with some muddled thought of getting "home again" before husband, father or brother returns.—*London Letter.*

Indian Corn.

The northern limits of the successful cultivation of Indian corn or maize vary in different parts of the world. On the northeast coast of Asia, corn cannot be cultivated at 50 degrees north latitude, although in the interior it matures as far north as 62 degrees. On the eastern shores of America, the northern limit of its growth is 50 degrees and on the western it reaches about 57 degrees, while in the intermediate country it is known to go as far as 65 degrees. The fact that it thrives farther north in the interior of continents than on the shores is thought to be due not alone to the cooling influence of ice accumulation on the coast, but to depend largely on the greater amount of sunlight received in the dry regions far from the oceans. In Norway, corn grows in latitude 70 degrees, the climate being not only warmed by proximity to the gulf stream, but the skies being very clear as well. Even in the most northern regions, where the shade temperature is very low, vegetation may grow in sheltered spots exposed to the sun, and luxuriant scurvy grass has been found on Walden Island, beyond 80 degrees north altitude.

A Search for Treasure.

Final preparations are now making at Philadelphia for an expedition to Vigo, Spain, in search of the Spanish treasure galleons sunk in the bay in 1702. An engineer, who visited the spot last summer, declares that he has positively located eleven of the sunken treasure galleons, and, in a diver's suit, went down upon the decks of several of them which were lying at the depth of 30 or 40 feet below the surface. With a charge of dynamite he blew off the deck of one of them, and laid bare the general cargo, which consisted of huge logs of mahogany and logwood in perfect preservation. He also picked up coins from the deck, and iron balls, mementoes of the sea fight 183 years ago.

Filippo Carusso's murderers have been awarded the death penalty in Chicago. The jury decided that Azari, Gelardi and Silvestri were the perpetrators of the crime, while Bove and Mercurio, their alleged coconspirators, were pronounced not guilty.

EASY CHILDBIRTH!
I most earnestly entreat every female expecting to be confined to use Mothers Friend. Coupled with this entreaty I will add that during a long obstetrical practice (44 years) I have never known it to fail to produce a safe, quick delivery. H. J. Holmes, M. D., Atlanta, Ga. Treatise on "Woman" mailed free. Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta.
USE "MOTHERS FRIEND"

An Indiana Girl Claims to Have Been Healed in Answer to Prayers.

An Indianapolis special says: An extraordinary faith cure is reported from Oldenburg convent, in this state, which is partially, at least, vouched for by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard, of this diocese. The name of the patient is Rosa Warren, daughter of a former member of the state legislature from Hancock county, near here. She had been very irreligious, but was a student of the Oldenburg convent. She is said to have been attacked with something like meningitis, and suffered with severe swelling of the neck, and was in a bad way. She was brought to this city for treatment by our physicians, but begged to be taken back to Oldenburg. This promised, the girl got out of bed at midnight and prayed, in answer to which she claimed to be healed and went about as well. She is of Methodist parentage, but was so impressed with her cure that she asked permission to unite with the Catholic church, which her father granted. Bishop Chatard, who investigated the case, says: "The young person was suffering from cerebro-spinal meningitis. She had received a fall while roller skating, and this, the doctor said, had produced a concussion of the spinal column. She was not a robust girl, being exceedingly nervous, though quiet and sensible. Her sickness began, I am told, with chills and fever. There was partial paralysis of the lower extremities. She also had that drawing of the muscles of the back peculiar to injuries of the spine. Her head was turned back and her eyes to the ceiling. Her head had been in this position for about three weeks. I was at Oldenburg May 13 when she arrived from Indianapolis, where she had been taken for treatment. Her cure took place, I think, the 11th or 12th of May. Miss Warren spent half an hour in the chapel of Our Lady of Lourdes, at Oldenburg, the evening before she started for Indianapolis, praying to the Blessed Virgin. Miss Warren's sickness began April 26, so at the time of her recovery she had been sick about three weeks. I myself investigated the matter, and talked to Miss Gerster and Miss Warren separately. Miss Warren wrote a beautiful letter home to her father; one part I remember, but cannot exactly quote. She said: "Father, when a person is cured by a physician it is usual to make a recompense; now, I have not been cured by medicine, not by a physician, but by prayer, and the best recompense you can make is to allow me to become a Catholic." The bishop is very chary of his words, but he gives the facts as stated.

The Woman With the Iron Jaw Meets With a Serious Accident.

Lottie Watson, the woman with the iron jaw, with Van Amburgh's circus, met with an accident at Albany, N. Y., that will cause her retirement from the ring. To exhibit her great strength of jaw, she has been in the habit of holding suspended from her mouth a cannon which is discharged while in mid air. The daring of the performance is increased by the fact that the woman is not bolted from the ground and hangs head downward during the feat. Tuesday afternoon she was assisted by the Freeman and Rice Bros., athletes, who superintended the appar

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., PUBLISHERS. | D. R. LOCKE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, JULY 9.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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TOLEDO, O.

Circulation Last Week, 116,000.

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The BLADE'S popularity with the people, as evinced by its enormous circulation, is a mystery to many newspaper publishers. There need be none about it at all. The BLADE is the kind of paper the people want—that is all there is of it. And being the paper that they like, they subscribe for it and stand by it. Its circulation makes it the best advertising medium in the country. Advertisers will make a note of this.

TO THOSE WHO DO NOT TAKE THE BLADE.

Many people who are not regular subscribers, will receive a specimen number of this week's issue of the BLADE. We ask them to examine it carefully, and if they like it, to enroll themselves on our books. We claim for the BLADE that it is the best weekly paper published in the United States, or the world, and the cheapest. It publishes more matter, it is more carefully edited, and is altogether the best for the family. Its enormous circulation in every state of the Union, is the best evidence of its value. We ask every person receiving a specimen copy, and every person not already a subscriber who may read this paragraph, to remit us for a three months trial. The cost is but a trifle, and we guarantee you more for your money than you ever received before.

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Send in your name as soon as possible. Take notice of the combinations we make of books and the Waterbury Watch. Any ow, examine the paper carefully.

THE past twelve months has shown marked progress in the cause of the people against the Rum Power, and every friend of temperance has a right to feel encouraged over the result. The steps have been made in different ways, but whatever changes have been made made in state legislation have all been made in the direction of temperance reform. The present situation is thus summed up by the National Temperance society in its twentieth annual report: Five states, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Iowa and Kansas, have general prohibitory laws. Local prohibition prevails in parts of Georgia, Alabama, Maryland, Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Massachusetts, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, North Carolina and Michigan. During the sessions of this year's legislatures, three states, Rhode Island, Tennessee and Oregon, gave their sanction to the submission of constitutional amendments to the people, and eleven states enacted laws making instruction compulsory in the public schools as to the effects of alcoholic stimulants. Massachusetts and Missouri also strengthened their license laws, and Kansas its prohibitory law. The progress it is claimed, has been made almost wholly during the last five years.

A CASE was lately decided in Iowa which will interest hotel proprietors. A lady stopped at a hotel in which there was a case of small pox. The landlord neglected to inform her of the fact and she took the disease. She sued the landlord for damages, and obtained a verdict of $5,000. The case was taken before the Supreme court of the state, and the judgment of the court below affirmed, on the ground that a landlord who receives guests, knowing that there is a contagious disease in his house, is liable for damages to any guest who may contract the disease.

AN exchange remarks that Switzerland has a temperance scheme which is attracting considerable attention on the continent, and which contemplates the taxing of all manufacturers and dealers in spirits for the purpose of paying the expenses of a public movement against strong drink. On the principle that it is unfair to ask a man to furnish the weapon used to cut his own throat, the tapsters are holding indignation meetings and getting ready to resist the innovation.

A YOUNG man in Washington insulted a lady in the streets. Her husband whipped him, had him arrested and taken to the lock-up. He was released after proving that he was an attache of a foreign legation. He will probably understand that American ladies are to be treated with respect, and the legation to which he is attached will fall short of its duty if it does not dismiss him.

REV. SAM JONES, the famous Georgia revivalist, speaking on temperance, thus calls to account parents who are apathetic in the cause because they have no sons to become the victims of the drink habit:

> Some men are feeling all right because all their boys are girls; but the first thing you know, the devil will pack off a drunken son-in-law on you. He couldn't do anything worse than that if he had a thousand years to work up a bad thing.

THE Mormons are trying to flee from the wrath that is to come. They are making efforts to secure from Mexico an area of land whereon to locate colonies of polygamists who wish to escape prosecutions for their crime, and a probable lengthened sojourn within prison walls.

AN old soldier remarks that a Republican officeholder, in these days of "offensive partisanship," is like a prisoner at Andersonville—liable to be shot if he crosses the dead line; but, unlike the prisoner, he doesn't know where the dead line is.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE first half of the present year has just closed, and, despite the dullness, there are healthy signs in the business world. Although the failures have been numerous during that period, the total liabilities have been much less than during either of the two halves of the previous year; the weekly totals show a decreasing tendency, and there are very few in which the amount of liability is large. Our foreign trade shows a large and increasing balance in our favor; the rate of exchange is such that there is no danger of an outflow of gold; the July settlements will distribute a large total of money in the producing sections; and, with the harvest so near, it is not oversanguine to look for a gradual improvement in affairs, with a decided forward step when the new crop begins to move.

THE harvest line has advanced far enough north to embrace Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and the other sections in the same latitude. While the quality of the grain harvested is reported as fair, there is nothing in the situation to indicate any increase in the total product, as given in the estimates of the various crop statisticians.

THE national debt during the fiscal year ending June 30, was reduced $63,000,000, about $40,000,000 less than the previous year.

THE rumors that were cabled from England during the ministerial crisis, to the effect that Russia was to take high ground with England, and demand explanations and apologies from the SALISBURY ministry as soon as it came into power, all prove to have been silly and vain imaginings. The Russian minister at London has taken a markedly friendly attitude toward SALISBURY, while the Czar's official organ has complimented him and conveyed to the new cabinet assurances of distinguished consideration. The chances of peace between Russia and Great Britain are greatly increased by the accession of the so-called war party to power in the latter country. British peace ministers have almost invariably brought about wars, and British war ministers have very rarely failed to preserve peace.

THE latest reports from Gen. GRANT are quite discouraging. There is no doubt that he is weaker than when he came. His apparent freedom from pain excites anxiety lest he may have passed the stage of susceptibility. Another significant feature of the situation is that Dr. DOUGLAS has restrained one member of the family from going on a short visit, advising against a trip, for even a part of a day, to Saratoga. The case has reached a condition of uncommon gravity, and the end may come at any moment. The cancer has commenced to inflame the jugular vein, and should its walls be eaten through, death from hemorrhage would ensue within two minutes.

THERE are indications of a migration of Chinamen from San Francisco to the East. If they carry out this purpose, another disturbing factor will be brought into the labor market, which is in a most unsatisfactory state already.

THAT portion of the new postal law in regard to the special delivery of letters at an additional charge of ten cents awaits the action of the postmaster general to be made operative.

THERE are about 125 delegates, representing the various agricultural colleges and experimental stations of the Union, expected at the convention which is to be held at the agricultural department at Washington, beginning on July 8.

RESOLUTIONS protesting against any further meddling with the tariff have been adopted by the executive committee of the Industrial League of America.

THE attitude of the new English Tory ministry toward Ireland leads to a hope that the affairs of that distressed island may be bettered during its lease of power. The new government has set its face against all coercion laws, and in favor of home rule, as far as local matters are concerned.

GLADSTONE will return to the House of Commons and will retain the leadership of the Liberal party. That he will again be premier is entirely within the range of posibilities.

THE order of Pope LEO to the ultramontane organs to maintain a friendly attitude towards the Italian government is something of a surprise, and the motive influencing it is not as yet fully understood. Heretofore the king of Italy has been treated as a usurper by the papal court, although the latter has maintained its isolated and defiant position only by the sufferance of the government, which could at any moment have taken possession of the Vatican and compelled His Holiness to submission or flight. The development of this new policy by the head of the Catholic church is looked for with much interest.

FRANCE proposes to push her efforts to conquer Madagascar, now that the war in Tonquin is over.

THE deaths from cholera continue to increase in Spain, averaging some 600 a day.

THE treasury of Mexico has been bankrupt for months, and the government has been fearfully embarrassed from the lack of funds. More than half of the revenue has been pledged in advance in aid of railroads, and repudiation has been openly advocated by a strong party. A plan has been devised, however, which will doubtless prevent the disgrace and ruinous consequences of repudiation, and at the same time give the government its needed relief. It provides for the consolidation of the entire debt of the country, with the exception of the floating debt, which is already provided for in an authorized issue of $25,000,000 bonds at 6 per cent. The consolidated debt will bear interest at 3 per cent., but the maximum interest will not be reached until 1890. Next year, 1886, 1 per cent. will be paid; in 1887, 1½ per cent.; in 1888, 2 per cent.; in 1889, 2½ per cent.; and in 1890, 3 per cent. The National bank of Mexico will have charge of the negotiations, and the interest will be payable in the City of Mexico, in New York and London. The debt of MAXIMILIAN is formally repudiated. Foreign capitalists are reported to have advised the government in this matter, and it is believed thas now this complete financial readjustment will revive the credit of the nation abroad.

THE Canadian fishermen are not pleased with the temporary continuance of the fisheries clause of the treaty of Washington, and threaten to drive American fishermen away from their shores.

THE LEGISLATURES.

When the voter goes to the polls this fall to cast his vote for members of the Legislature of his state, he should have a few facts in his mind of which these are the most prominent:

There exists in the United States an organized power, with millions of money and an army of voters, whose sole business it is to destroy, physically, morally and mentally, the youth of the country. There is an organized power whose sole business it is to fasten upon boys an appetite which, once fixed, is absolutely irresistable, and which makes of the victim a bond-slave to it forever.

This same organization subtracts from the wealth of the country and draws into its own coffers the enormous sum of $900,000,000 per annum, wastes as much more in incapacitating men from labor, and adds quite as much more to the burdens to be borne in taxes incurred in taking care of the pauperism and criminality of which it is the direct cause.

He should also remember that this power is not merely passive. It does not lie quietly in wait for men and boys, permitting those to ruin themselves who choose to, but it is an active, aggressive evil. It goes out in search of victims, and is as active as the spirit of greed can make it. It casts its net about boys and men, it drags them into the embrace of a monster that knows neither pity nor remorse. There is not a beer shop or gin-mill in the country that is not an active influence for evil, and that does not labor unceasingly for new customers.

He must also remember that this power permeates everything. There is nothing it has not laid its hand upon, either to build up or destroy, building up everything that is bad, and destroying everything that is good.

The church is in its way, and it has boldly attacked the church. The observance of the Sabbath is in its way, and it has attacked the Sabbath. It has laid its hands upon the Legislatures of the country, and it has its tools upon the Bench. It elects officers, and has possession of the Courts. It has no politics, no religion. It is working simply for itself, it finds profit in debauching mankind, and it has entrenched itself behind law, behind business, behind everything, and does actually rule the country.

Its power goes far beyond the political arena. It reaches down into every day business. Woe be to the newspaper that opposes it, and double woe to the merchant, manufacturer or mechanic. The brewer and distiller has a dozen other occupations dependent upon them, and which they virtually control, and this united force is used mercilessly against all who offend them. There is no such effective boycotting do ne by any one else as is practiced by the united rum interest against their opponents. They can act in unison, for no matter how strong individual dislikes may be among them, they have one common interest which overrides everything else.

There is but one way to meet and conquer this crime against humanity, and that is to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicants by law. Prohibition kills the aggressive feature of rum, and makes the evil passive. It kills the open beer-shop and gin-mill, and puts rum on a foundation with opium and other debasing influences, which men may or may not use as the they choose.

Prohibition does away with the active hunt after men. No law can make men good, but law can prevent the systematic making of men evil.

The only power on earth that can prohibit is the legislature. To elect legislatures that will submit Prohibitory amendments is the first step to the killing out of this evil. To this end the energies of the temperance people of the states should be directed. There are a thousand ways proposed by men and women of different ideas, to accomplish the work, but no one, no matter what his or her plan may be, can question the practicability of this. The point is to get legislatures elected that will submit the amendments, afterward to carry the amendment, and after that to enforce it. We have no quarrel with those who have other ideas, but certainly no one can question the propriety of this as a first step. All men and women who have no axes to grind and who really desire Prohibition, can unite upon the one proposition that to secure temperance legislature is the first step toward the accomplishment of the great reform.

The BLADE urges and insists that this fall, in all the states holding elections for legislatures, every temperance man who really wants Prohibition shall cast his vote for members of the legislature only for men pledged to the submission to the people of a Prohibitory amendment. In this way and this only, can we

Pulverize the Rum Power.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The BLADE does not pay for volunteer contributions of any kind. If poems, stories, sketches, etc., are sent to us, we will be glad to use them, if available; if not, they will be returned, if stamps are enclosed for that purpose. We will not hereafter preserve *any* MSS., and we will *not* be responsible for any sent us.

DURING the eight years just ended there was collected from internal revenue sources $1,005,431,502, and of this every dollar has been accounted for. The checks against defalcation in this department are about as near perfect as possible. Every internal revenue officer deposits at the end of each day in a designated depository the amount collected, and both the collector and depositary must at once telegraph to Washington the amount received. Failure to telegraph or a discrepancy in the amounts telegraphed would result in placing an agent immediately in charge of the collection office.

THE success of the Tories in recent parliamentary elections in England, and their activity in preparations for coming elections, have alarmed the Liberals, who had thought to win an easy victory over their opponents. The Liberals, thoroughly aroused to the necessities of their situation, propose, under the advice of GLADSTONE and CHAMBERLAIN, to appoint a national campaign committee to direct the entire canvass upon a matured and uniform method.

THE recent New York appointments are taken to mean that the CLEVELAND administration proposes to take a hand in the New York election this fall. The struggle in 1882 ought to teach CLEVELAND that the federal government cannot control an election in that state.

NEW YORK city's population, as estimated by the directory compilers this year, is over 1,500,000.

POLITICAL EUNUCHS.

Aside from the civil service reform pretensions of the Democratic administration, in which CLEVELAND seems to be really in earnest, while his cabinet officers and their subordinates are insincere, the attitude of the Bourbon regime at Washington on the question of "offensive partisanship" is a matter over which the people of the country are hopelessly befogged. Did the administration take honest ground on this question, it would command their respect; but it does not. It is loudly proclaimed that office holders will be removed for being "offensive partisans," and removals are made, for this alleged cause, of persons who, so far as can be ascertained, did nothing of a partisan nature but to vote the Republican ticket, or who cheered last fall for BLAINE and LOGAN, or who contributed to the Republican campaign fund, or who belonged to one or the other of the state Republican associations at Washington. Yet the men who were selected to fill their places are persons who have been just as culpable in their adhesion to the Democratic party, or in their support of CLEVELAND and HENDRICKS last fall. So il seems to the people that it is "offensively partisan" to support Republican candidates and principles, while it is not at all so to support Democratic men and measures.

This distinction may please the office-seekers and politicians, but it does not commend the administration to the masses of thinking voters of the country. If the things above noted afford good ground for the removal of Republican office-holders, they are equally potent reasons why Democrats as deeply guilty on their own side should not be appointed. This is the common sense view of the matter, and one, we think, shared by a very great majority of the people of the nation. The course pursued by the administration in making fish of one and flesh of the other is hypocritical, and will be visited by the severest rebuke, so soon as the voters have an opportunity of expressing themselves at the polls.

But, supposing the administration were really in earnest, and should replace the "offensive partisans" who have been removed by men not guilty of the offenses charged—men who did not contribute to any campaign fund, men who never hurrahed for their favorite candidates, who never attended public meetings, who never publicly expressed their views in any political topics—how would the people then regard the matter? True, this phase of it has not yet been presented to the country, and probably will not be; yet, if the plea of "offensive partisanship" were cause sufficient for removal from office, it should be also sufficient to preclude appointment.

It would be un-American, and opposed to the spirit of our free institutions. Not that partisan office-holding is in consonance with that spirit; but an American citizen has a right to a free vote; he has a right to express his political sentiments without fear that he will be a marked man; the right of free speech is one sacred to our people; and there is no reason why a man of any political faith whatsoever may not attend the meetings of his party, take part in public discussions of political topics, make speeches if he so desire, contribute for the lawful and necessary expenses of his party's campaign, enroll himself as a member of a political organization, or do any or all of those things which are the privileges of every citizen, without disqualifying himself for holding public office. If the offices are to be no longer considered as the lawful portion of the victorious party—which is the claim made in its own behalf by CLEVELAND's administration—there can be no gainsaying the propositions laid down above.

But this "mugwumpocratic administration"—to borrow the New York *Sun's* expressive phrase—aims to make office-holders a kind of political eunuchs. They must be neither of one political faith nor the other. They may possibly be allowed to vote, but that is all. Their plainest rights are to be abridged; they are to be debarred the exercise of the privileges and duties of freemen. We cannot believe that so monstrous a doctrine can receive the indorsement of any considerable portion of the voters of either of the great political parties. Possibly it might meet the mugwumps' views; but they are too unconsiderable in numbers to have their effeminate wishes considered seriously. Let us have no more pretense about the matter. Remove Republican office-holders if you will, Mr. CLEVELAND, but assign the true reason—that it is because they are Republicans; replace them by others, because the latter are Democrats; but do not lay down the principle that a man must be politically an eunuch in order to be eligible to hold office!

TO OUR READERS.

We make a modest suggestion. We have 115,000 subscribers to the BLADE, which number we wish to double. The BLADE is opposed by all the infernal agencies of the country. It is hated by the gin-mills, by the disloyal element, and by everybody who has an interest in the debasement of mankind. These elements are always active, while the good people are inactive. Consequently, to do the right thing is always an expense to the doer.

We simply ask every reader of the BLADE who approves its course on the great questions of the day, to take the time to secure us just one additional subscriber. For fear that some will not do this, those who do take hold should secure as many as they can, that the average may be made good. We want the friends of order and good morals to make an effort for the BLADE this summer, and we feel that we have a right to appeal to them. Act at once.

THE fiscal year closed June 30, and the internal revenue receipts for the twelvemonth will fall some $2,000,000 short of the treasury estimates, which were $113,000,000; but had not the bonded whisky period been extended, the receipts would have exceeded the estimates. Much of this bonded whisky will be liable to tax after July 6, and the whisky men are now making an effort to secure still further extension of the bonded period. The management of the internal revenue department has good reason to congratulate itself upon its record for the last eight years. The collections have amounted to $1,005,531,502, of which not a dollar is unaccounted for, and the cost of collection has been but 3.68 per cent.

AMONG 164 appointments made under the civil service rules, according to the *Civil Service Record*, all but one were Democrats — and that one was a mugwump!

REVOLUTION IN SEWING MACHINES.

We ask the special attention of every reader of the BLADE to an announcement on the fifth page of this paper headed "A Domestic Revolution." Every word there printed is true. We shall do precisely as we say. The machine we are building is the best Sewing Machine ever made, and we shall sell it to the people direct, without the intervention of middle-men, saving their enormous commissions to purchasers. Our mammoth factory is nearly completed, and we shall be ready to fill orders by October 1. Read the article. It applies to more things than Sewing Machines.

CIVIL SERVICE MATTERS.

The Democratic office-seekers and politicians do not like the civil service law, and squirm because CLEVELAND has given his adhesion to it. Men like HIGGINS, wherever there is one in power in any of the departments, try to evade it in every possible way, as the above case shows. The masses of the people, however, believe in it. It is only the machine politicians, who wish to use the offices to reward party service, and the hungry horde who are too lazy to work and want government berths to enable them to live, who oppose the law. We do not think that Rep. HILL, of Ohio, is correct in his statement that "the Democrats of Ohio are opposed to the civil service law almost to a man, and that they regard it as a fraud." Doubtless that is the feeling of himself, and of the gang of political dabblers of his own kidney who imagine they are running the politics of Northwestern Ohio. He is a politician of the spoils type, and has a great many postoffices in his district which he would like to see occupied by his henchmen. Naturally, if the civil service law keeps his friends out in the cold and away from the government crib, shivering and hungry, he does not like it. The average dunghill politician of the HILL stripe has but little to do, except to find snug berths for his strikers and heelers. That is why he was elected, and it is only his power to do that which will keep him in politics. If the opportunity of doing that is taken from him because of a statute which provides that merit, and not political services, shall constitute the proper qualifications for office, he, of course, objects to such a statute, and regards it as a fraud upon the public, he being the public that is defrauded.

But Mr. HILL and the dunghill brood of politicians of his sort should be a little cautious. It would be well if they determine the real feeling of the vast silent mass of voters in the country, before making themselves prominent by their denunciations of civil service reform. They may find their condemnation voiced in a vote that will relegate them to the hoop-pole obscurity from whence they sprung, if they attempt to sail counter to the deep undercurrent of popular opinion. It is one of the facts which favorably dispose all honest men toward civil service reform, that it is hated and condemned by "practical politicians" and offensive partisans like HILL. The people understand that if he and his school of politicians were allowed to have their way, all efficiency and integrity would be banished from the public offices, and the most incompetent and the least faithful would be given public positions as mere rewards for political services.

THE recent investigations made by the Treasury department in the matter of undervaluations of imported goods has shown that the responsibility for these belongs in part, at least, to consular officers, and that there are two radical defects in the consular system in the matter of certification of invoices. In the first place, it has not infrequently been the case that consular officers have certified to the correctness of invoices, and then have written private unofficial letters to the customs officers, stating that they doubt the correctness of the invoice; and secondly, in all the European countries except Great Britain no penalty attaches in the courts for making a false oath before an American consul. The administration is wisely taking steps to correct both these defects. The consular regulations will be radically changed to meet the first defect, and an endeavor will be made to reach some understanding with the governments of Europe, so that a person making a false oath before an American consul shall be liable to all the pains and penalties of perjury.

SEC. BAYARD has decided upon a plan for obtaining, for the benefit of American manufacturers, through the medium of the United States consuls in Europe, all the information they desire regarding manufacturers abroad. He has written to a large number of manufacturers of all kinds of articles throughout the country, asking them to submit to him any question concerning subjects upon which they desire information regarding the manufacture of their respective classes of goods in foreign countries, and these questiens will be sent to the United States consuls abroad, with instructions to obtain the information sought. He hopes by this plan to procure for our manufacturers such information as will show conclusively whether in the price of the raw material, the cost of labor, improved machinery, etc., the American or the European manufacturers have the advantage in the production of manufactured articles.

ONE of the best of the recent utterances of Sen. SHERMAN was the declaration that the Democratic victory last fall was won in the North by entirely false pretenses. The howl over the treasury surplus, the mighty clamor about frauds in Republican management of national affairs, have been shown to be without foundation. The most searching efforts of the administration since its entrance into power have failed to find any justification for any charge of fraud. Republicanism is vindicated out of the mouths of its bitterest enemies.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL VILAS'S circular, calling for charges against postmasters who come under the head of "offensive partisans," has borne fruit in Ohio. It is said that some 8,000 letters have been received concerning postoffices in this state, of which at least 3,000 contain charges against postmasters. A resolution will be introdnced into the Senate, calling on Mr. VILAS for verbatim copies of all charges filed against officials, arranged by states. When these precious documents see the light, the effect upon the persons concerned may be faintly imagined, but cannot be described.

AFTER a reign of 48 years VICTORIA has, in Lord SALISBURY, for the first time, a prime minister younger than herself.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

The traditional foreign policy of the United States has been to let other nations severely alone. If they desire to enter into any relations with us, commercial or otherwise, they must take the initiative themselves. The collective American mind seemed to retain the feeling of the Revolutionary fathers—a most natural one in the days of the infant Republic, upon which the powerful monarchies of Europe looked with hostile eyes—that at all risks we were to avoid all entanglements with foreign countries.

JAMES G. BLAINE, during his brief but brilliant career as secretary of State in GARFIELD'S cabinet, was the first American statesman to formulate a new foreign policy, and to take the preliminary steps for putting it into execution. He realized the fact that our growing manufactures needed an extension of their markets; that all nations are at first mere producers of raw material, and that as they advance in civilization and foster the arts of peace, they begin to be self-reliant, and to supply their own markets from their own mills and workshops. He saw that our own country had been a mere producer, to furnish the raw materials for other countries to manufacture, notably Great Britain, up to the war era; that the protective system then inaugurated had rendered us practically independent of the world in the line of manufactured goods; that the wonderful growth of our industries could be still further stimulated could we find new markets abroad for the products of our mills and factories.

He had the sagacity to see that America, and not Europe, should be our field. The countries of Europe have turned their attention to manufactures, and for what they may wish to buy of other countries they can be supplied by Great Britain, who is much nearer them than we are. Not so our sister republics to the south of us. We are the dominant nation of the Western Continent, and we possess advantages which, if utilized, would open to us a market that would give every industry here a great impetus. He saw, too, that it needed active work and an abandonment of our traditional "let alone" policy, to open this enormous field; and that the first step must be to bring ourselves into intimate relations with, and to cultivate the feeling of Republican brotherhood among, the entire family of republics on the Western Continent, bringing them all into the close relationship favored by similar forms of government and geographical nearness. His policy commended itself to the Republican party, and would have been carried out, to the benefit of our country, had the party triumphed in the national contest.

But the silly yell of "Jingoism," and the frantic opposition of the free traders to any scheme that tends to keep our manufacturers on an independent basis, and to free our country entirely from dependence on England and her giant manufacturing interests, built up on the profits wrung from the toil of millions of underpaid and underfed pauper labor, has prevented even a consideration of the wise and statesmanlike policy briefly outlined above. In its stead, the present Democratic administration has gone back to the old Southern idea of territorial aggrandizement. Intimations have come from Washington that a plan is being considered of taking advantage of the financial difficulties of Mexico to obtain a large slice of her territory lying next to our southwestern border, namely: Tamaulipas, Nuevo Leon, Coahuila, Chihuahua, Sonora, and Lower California. Sonora and Chihuahua have recently been opened up to American lines of railroad. They are both exceedingly rich states. The area embraced in this proposition is about 330,000 square miles. Of all these states, Sonora is probably the richest. Her coinage in one year, as far back as 1869, was $116,897. Her annual production of gold and silver must be now $300,000. Chihuahua has silver mines which have been celebrated for centuries, and enabled the early Catholic missionaries to build an $800,000 cathedral at the city of Chihuahua. The value of the territory in view, when put in figures, is variously stated at from $100,000,000 to $300,000,000. The "treasury surplus," which is such a trouble to the Democrats, is to be got rid of in this way, and the Solid South to be reinforced by the addition of these six states, rich in natural advantages, but cursed with a semi-civilized population.

While it is said that the above plan is the one most talked of, there are other ones considered, which are thus given in a Washington special:

> There is a second plan which has better argument and would require less money. It is for the acquirement of Sonora, Sinaloa, and Lower California only. These states are inaccessible to the government of the City of Mexico. To reach the little sharp-pointed states of Sinaloa or Sonora, they must either go down to Acapulco and thence upon the water, or else go up to El Paso and around by rail through the United States. Sinaloa would be a more valuable acquisition than any of the other states, except possibly Chihuahua, because of her numerous Pacific tidewater harbors and her rich mines of gold and silver, from which even in their undeveloped state from $1,500,000 to $2,000,000 is annually taken out. These three states have an area about equal to California.
>
> Still a third project is being pushed on the attention of the administration by the American projectors of the Tehuantepec railroad company. It is for the acquisition of a strip of land 50 miles wide across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and enough land at Cape Catoche, Yucatan, for the construction of forts. It is thought this cession could be obtained for $50,000,000, or $1,000,000 for each strip a mile wide and 130 miles long.
>
> Just what view of these various schemes will be taken by the Administration is difficult to foreshadow. The Southern influence, which is dominant at Washington, would object to the requirement of Sonora, Sinaloa, and Lower California alone. The Tehuantepec scheme may fall of favor with Mr. Bayard, who is sensitive to the extreme of criticism, because it is more or less connected with a railroad enterprise. All schemes may be pushed aside on the ground that to adopt any would be following Mr. Blaine's financial leadership. But that the question is up and is to be seriously considered is certain.

THE national flag was not treated with respect on the Fourth of July. It was not displayed over the department of Justice nor over the Interior department at Washington. Both secretaries of these departments are ex-rebels; and the stars and stripes were half-masted over the Interior building on the occasion of the death of that traitor, incendiary and plague-spreader, JAKE THOMPSON, a few weeks ago. The American flag was not displayed over the State-house at Columbus, although the city elsewhere was gay with its bright colors. And, most flagrant insult of all, the flag of our country was half-masted over the city hall, court-house, Mormon tabernacle, Mormon church offices, Mormon theater, *Deseret News* office, and JOHN TAYLOR'S residence, at Salt Lake City.

SOUTHERN PROHIBITION.

One of the phases of that singular blindness to the practical side of American politics which is so characteristic of the "third-party" prohibitionists, is the hope so freely expressed by them that the extension of prohibitory legislation in the South is creating a sentiment there which will eventually crystallize into a national prohibition political party, and, in conjunction with the prohibitionists of the North, carry a national election upon that issue. The vast majority of intelligent Americans do not need to be told that this is but a chimera. To obtain an expression of opinion on this subject, Mr. HOWARD H. RUSSELL, of Oberlin, Ohio, addressed a letter to Rev. EVARTS KENT, pastor of the First Congregational church in Atlanta, Ga.,—which state stands foremost in the South in prohibitory legislation. The answer is as follows:

ATLANTA, GA., May 9, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. RUSSELL—Replying to your note of inquiry I would respond:

First—Local option is fast making Georgia a temperance state. Under its provisions 104 counties out of 136 have shut out the sale of strong drink. There have been captured from the enemy lately two of their strongest counties, and there is a general conviction that the entire state will soon be redeemed. I do not believe that such results as we have gained could have been so well secured in any other way.

Second—You inquire if in my opinion a third party based on prohibition, can divide the dominant party of the South. To one who lives in the South that question answers itself. There are but two parties in the South who favor a third party based on prohibition. The politicians, who want to have the dominant party *at the North* divided by it, and our saloon-keepers and distillers, who know that prohibition in that form is sure to prove the best friend of their traffic. The instant temperance becomes a wedge to divide and weaken the dominant party, the whole South will *repudiate* it. No one should be foolish enough to suppose that the South subordinates its *love of power* to its devotion to temperance. So long as it is a non-partisan issue prohibition is regarded with growing favor, but as against the controlling power here, the South is *solid* for rum. No intelligent person acquainted with the Southern situation but must know that a third party based on prohibition in the South, will prove a fatal obstacle to the progress of the temperance work. Every consideration should place this work above the suspicion of partisan politics. I feel the present peril is from the politicians and the well-meaning men controlled by them. Very truly yours,

EVARTS KENT.

BRAZIL is trying the experiment of the gradual emancipation of her slaves. An extraordinary session of the legislative body of the empire is now being held, to consider the plans submitted by the ministers, and endorsed by the Emperor, for the extinction of slavery. While it is admitted that it will be a great expense to the nation, yet the view is taken that the prosperity of the nation will be enhanced by this step, as it will tranquilize agriculture and give increased stimulus to the industries of the country, thus producing an increase in the revenue, which will soon amount to the sum expended in freeing the slaves. The propositions submitted contemplate a registration of all slaves under 60 years of age, with a declaration of value for different ages. Slaves of 60 years and upward are to be considered free. All slaves under 60 are to be classified at a certain rate and value, and to increase the emancipation fund an addition of 5 per cent. upon all national taxes except the export duties, will be levied yearly. The funds thus realized are to be applied preferably to the liberation of the slaves of planters who will abolish slavery on their plantations, freeing their slaves for not over five years' service. All children born of slave parents are henceforth free, and as the examples of manumission will be all the time increasing, and the value of slave property all the time decreasing—for the declared values of liberation are to be reduced six per cent. every year—it is probable that the end of another decade will see slavery practically extinct in Brazil. The bill also embraces provisions requiring that slaves removed from the province, unless when their owner changes his domicile, become free, and further provides that freedman must remain five years in their county and must have an occupation, or they may be imprisoned or sent to a military colony.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

We ask our regular readers, as well as those who see the BLADE for the first time, to read carefully the Publisher's Department, on the fifth page. The books, pictures, scales and watch advertised are all worthy of attention. We handle the goods not for profit, but as an accommodation. Purchasing them in great quantities, we are enabled to furnish them lower than can be elsewhere. We warrant everything to be as represented.

ALTHOUGH much has been said about HENRY GEORGE, the social agitator and reformer, there are comparatively few who understand clearly his peculiar views about the ownership of land. The *North American Review* for July has an article out of the ordinary run—a dialogue between Mr. GEORGE and DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, in which the latter questions the reformer, and, in the course of the conversation, gets a clear exposition of his views. The whole matter is summarized in the closing paragraphs, which are here reproduced. The thoughtful reader will note that a clear statement of a theory is often its own best refutation:

> David D. Field—"As a conclusion of the whole matter, if I understand this explanation of your scheme, it is this: That the state should tax the soil and the soil only; that in doing so it should consider the soil as it came from the hands of the Creator, without anything that man put upon it; that all other property—in short everything that man has made—is to be acquired, enjoyed and transmitted as at present; that the rate of annual taxation should equal the rate of annual rental; and that the proceeds of the tax should be applied not only to purposes of government, but to any other purposes that the legislature from time to time may think desirable, even to dividing them among the people at so much a head."
>
> Henry George—"That is substantially correct."

IT is hard to keep the run of the petty lying and persistent misrepresentations under which the present bob-tailed Bourbon administration tries to cover up its many acts of double-dealing with the people. There is a continual effort to pose as a "reform" administration, and at the same time to help Democrats to office as fast as is possible. The latest instance of this sort of duplicity was the trumpeting of the discharge of a number of employes of the deparment of Justice last week as a measure of economy and retrenchment, and asserting that they were not needed. On Wednesday of this week the Washington dispatches contained a list of Democratic appointees to fill these vacancies.

THE matter with the Pacific slope is that the farmers have no practical outlet for their crops to the East. It costs too much to transport grain by rail across the continent. Water transportation is the thing which will make affairs there boom; and that cannot be had until we have a canal at the isthmus.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The population of Sioux City, Iowa, has increased from 7,864 in 1880 to 18,530.——The remains of a child were found in a paper sack in a tree-top near Richmond, Ind.——The adjustment of postmasters' salaries for the fiscal year shows a saving of $98,100.——The Mexican government has officially notified the Mexican Central railroad that it must comply strictly with the general railway regulations forbiding the inequalities of freight rates, and that special through rates from the United States cutting under the Mexican freight tariff can not be permitted.——John T. Lester & Co., a Chicago board of trade firm, is sued for $450,000 under the provisions of the gambling law.——Three girls were burned to death in a tenement house at Cleveland, O. Loss to the building is estimated at $2,500.——The Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph company will lay its wires under ground, beginning with the city of Washington.——According to the new directory of New York, the population of that city is now 1,558,780.——A Chinese detachment has been sent to the Aigun gold fields with orders to behead all persons found engaged in mining without permits.——The government receipts of the fiscal year ended June 30, show a falling off of $26,929,093 from the receipts of the previous year, while the expenditures have increased over $18,500,000.——The reduction in the public debt during June was $8,993,993.75. The total receipts for the fiscal year ended Thursday were $322,500,776.13; expenditures, $262,788,452 42. The receipts of the preceding fiscal year were $348,519,869.92; expenditures, $244,126,344 34.——The Alaska exploring expedition, Lieut. Storey in command, arrived at Illnlink, Ounalaska, June 6, and will proceed north as soon as the ice in Behring's sea will permit.——Melissa Steepleton, a school-teacher at Gilson, Ill., killed herself with arsenic because of the refusal of Edward Sutherland to fulfill a marriage engagement. When Sutherland heard of her suicide, he promptly blew the top of his head off with a rifle.——A general reduction of 30 per cent. in the force of laborers about government buildings will be made to conform to the reduced appropriations.——The trial of Mrs. Yseult Dudley for shooting O'Donovan Rossa, resulted in her acquittal on the ground of insanity, and she was sent to an asylum.——Joseph C. Mackin, secretary of the Chicago Democratic committee, has been found guilty of perjury and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. A futile effort was made to set aside the verdict, on the ground that one of the jurors was insane.——Hanlan and Lee rowed three miles with a turn at Sylvia lake, St. Lawrence county, New York, the former winning easily in 15 minutes and 22 seconds.——The imports of merchandise at New York during the past week were valued at $6,845,285. The specie exports were $378,260, and the specie imports $69,492.——Gold and silver coins valued at $1,000 have been unearthed on a farm near Racine, Ohio, including a number of old and rare American and foreign pieces. There have been traditions of buried treasure in the neighborhood since its earliest settlement.——The new directory of Boston indicates that the population of that city is 420,000.——The ports of Barraquilla and Savanilla, Colombia, are again in the hands of the government forces. The revolutionists have gone into the interior, and Bogota, the capital, is believed to be their objective point.——The Newfoundland government has imposed an import duty of $1 per barrel on Canadian flour and $2 per barrel on Canadian pork. The Dominion authorities are considering what action shall be taken.——The Burlington, Vt., census shows over one thousand more females than males.——It has cost Colusa county, Cal., $30,000 to feed tramps for two months.——A German chemist is said to have discovered an antidote for strychnine.——Herring have sold in Baltimore this season for 50 cents per 1,000.——Parsons, Kan., is practically cut off from the outside world by high water, no trains having entered the city since Wednesday night. Many bridges in the vicinity have been washed away, and long stretches of railroad track are under water.——

Correspondence.

MISS BOUTON'S LETTERS.

Impressions of the Trip to the City on Our Extreme Northeastern Limit, and of the Gathering of Bronzed Veterans and Noble Women.

Special Correspondence of the Blade.

BOSTON, June 26, 1885.

I have been to the Grand Army encampment. No, I do not mean that; I have been to its sister, the National convention of the Woman's Relief Corps. Of course, I took in the Grand Army gathering, that part of it which was permitted to a woman, and equally of course, I did not penetrate into the mysterious inner sanctuary where the great Panjandrum of the year presides over the councils of the elect. I had my revenge, though. I was privileged to enter in where the high priestess of the Relief Corps held her court, and I learned secrets which the Grand Army is not allowed to know. The only thing I am going to tell about them is that they proved that women could compress as much good common sense, winged sarcasm, and sharp retort into five minute speeches as any of the masculine fraternity, whose impromptu, off-hand eloquence has hitherto appalled and made me afraid that women were poorly gifted to wrestle with political requirements.

Well, it is all over. The blue skies of Portland have smiled their last upon the gathered Grand Army, and the veterans

HAVE GONE THEIR WAY

Whence they came, many of them to the uttermost parts of the land, the North star, the setting sun, and the Southern cross, leaving those of the Pine Tree state with only the memories of the glad presence of their comrades, and the thought that their greetings will be repeated a year hence upon the wave washed shores of the Pacific.

When the nineteenth encampment expired, there too did the third annual convention of the Woman's Relief Corps. And its life went out in just as great a blaze of glory as did the Grand Army assembly. Not a drum beat, not a band played for one, that had not its counterpart for the other, and on the streets, in the hotels, and everywhere the departing hosts of each were nearly equal.

I have not the slightest intention of giving a description of either of these meetings. It is too late for that now, when electric beats have throbbed their proceedings all over the land. I meant to have done so, but circumstances over which I had no control prevented. By circumstances I mean a state of things that would not permit a free expression of thought, which chafed the nerves, aroused the ire, and put one in anything but a pleasant Christian like frame of mind. Imagine a room, perhaps fourteen by fifteen feet, the sitting place of six women, with six trunks, six satchels, six umbrellas, six faces and twelve hands to be washed in one washbowl, six heads to be combed before one mirror, six toilet paraphernalias on one bureau, with two of the women weighing at least 175 pounds each, three beds and three chairs—imagine this, if you can, and you will have a picture of the sanctum sanctorum of three of the officers and delegates of the two bodies who stopped at the swell hotels of Portland. I do not need to multiply words to explain why I wrote no letter from that city. There are limits to one's powers.

We, that is the National President of the Relief Corps, her officers and guests, came over the

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY,

And a most delightful route it is. The agent of the road at Detroit, Mr. Robinson, accompanied the party through, and extended courtesy and unvarying good nature, both preserved under all kinds of annoyances incident to the conduct of so large a party of excursionists, was something remarkable. To him especially, though all of the officials were attentive and obliging, we were indebted for the comfort and pleasure enjoyed during the long journey.

We left Toledo Friday evening, and Sunday morning found us upon a steamer, sailing down the grand old river St. Lawrence. The day was superb. Light, fleecy clouds veiled the sun, so that the light did not reflect back from the waters in a dazzling glare, and yet was bright enough to bring out the glories around us. On, through the wood-crowned islets that arose out of the rippling waters, repeating themselves in a wondrous multiplication, the wake of our steamer seemed like the coils of a silver white ribbon that had carelessly fallen and unrolled as it fell. Here and there pretty cottages peeped out from the fresh green foliage, looking as if the rustic home of the fairies, while occasionally a more pretentious mansion told of the wealth which sought here for a beauty unsurpassed.

In the afternoon we went

DOWN THE RAPIDS.

It is a wonderful experience. The great boat is hurled forward through the seething waves as if some irresistible force was driving her on to destruction. Four men stand at the helm and hold her steadily in her path. The engine is silent, as if holding its breath in awe at the arrogant attempt of man to go where nature has seemed to forbid his passage.

Four hundred passengers were on our boat, and notwithstanding the wild thrill of excitement which the steamer's swift rush through the mad waters brought, an excitement so intense as to be almost pain, even though mingled with a species of exultation, I am quite sure there was not one who did not experience a sensation of relief when it had made its last descent and was floating in smooth waters again.

The sun was just setting when we passed under the

VICTORIA BRIDGE,

that giant work of the Grand Trunk railway. It is high enough so that nobody had to duck his head—in fact, the tallest masts pass under unscathed. From the last of the rapids we had been racing with another boat, a proceeding which only the reckless were idiotic enough to enjoy, and which the near approach to the city happily put an end to. And then we were at Montreal, and a few minutes later at the Windsor Hotel, a perfect palace of beauty and convenience. Here came together many delegations from all over the country, and the great corridors and parlors were filled with a merry crowd, worn and weary it is true, but full of eager delight to grasp each other's hands in the true comradeship which all old soldiers feel toward each other. Here, too, the national president of the Relief Corps, Mrs. Sherwood, held

HER FIRST INFORMAL RECEPTION,

A number of the national officers, of both the past and present years, having come thither to meet her and go on with her party to Portland.

I should like to tell you of the glories of the White Mountains, which they passed through the next day, but as I did not go that route, it would involve a reading up of the guide books, and time presses. I did not reach Portland until twelve hours later than the party, and then I became one of the unfortunate six mentioned farther back.

But there was a crowd everywhere. The streets of Portland were alive with gay uniforms, everybody played with badges, and on all sides the hearty greetings of long separated comrades were heard. The city was prettily decorated, and every preparation made to do honor to the occasion. Portland had, however, in one thing reckoned without her host. She had evidently had strong doubts of the good behavior and morality of the Grand Army and Relief Corps, for her police was multiplied almost indefinitely. One of our Toledo friends who was stopping at a private house, was gravely informed that she need not have the least fear of being robbed or disturbed in any way, for the neighborhood had provided itself with extra watchmen who would check the stealing propensities of the Grand Army and protect her property. The good citizens had forgotten that the days when henroost robbing and silver spoon taking from rebels was a delight, had long since passed. Suffice it to say that but one or two cases of stealing were heard of, and there were but

FIVE CASES OF DRUNKENNESS,

and all that vast crowd of men who had met to have a good time together. A higher commentary upon the morality of soldiers could not be made.

One of the most brilliant features of the occasion was the reception given to the Grand Army by the Relief Corps, Mrs. Sherwood presiding with great grace and dignity. It occurred in City Hall and the large audience room was crowded to its utmost capacity. The beautiful decorations, the flashing lights, the gay uniforms, and bright dresses of the ladies made a dazzling spectacle. Upon the stage with the National President were a large number of notables, prominent among whom were Gen. Logan and his beautiful wife.

It is easy to see how the soldiers worship Logan. He cannot appear anywhere without being greeted with hearty cheers which are repeated again and again. If they have their way he will assuredly be the next President. He is a man born to command, one who can control with his iron will all within the circle of his influence. In his black eye sleeps an inflexible determination, which once aroused in any direction will never slumber again so long as his purpose remains unaccomplished.

I could not but think if this should come to pass, if he should be elected the next President of these United States, what

A GLORIOUS MISTRESS

of the White House Mrs. Logan will make. She is of fine presence, with a winning address that draws all hearts, a dignity without shade of haughty affectation, an intelligence with no tincture of egotism, an ambition that is wholly for her husband, and a ready sympathy for all who approach her that makes her face radiant. I shall vote for Gen. Logan even if my feminine ballot is thrown out, not only because I like him, but that I want to see Mrs. Logan presiding at the White House. There would be no nonsense in the performance of the duties of that high position, any more than in his. Mrs. Sherwood introduced both very gracefully to the audience and they acknowledged it with equal courtesy and dignity.

The proceedings of the evening were given at length in all of the papers, so I shall not repeat them here. In fact I do not desire to feel obliged to describe anything, but wander about as best suits my own sweet will.

I want to say right here that I was proud of the appearance that Ohio made through here representatives in both bodies. They held their own with those from any other state in the Union, and those from Toledo were as good as the best.

Just now, when my letter has crept on to where time and space both call for a halt, I bethink me of the glorious clam-bake which was given to the visitors on Friday after the close of the meeting.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

The Growth of the Relief Corps—Its Past and Present—Officers—The Young Eagle—Dr. Bliss—The Clam-Bake.

Special Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

BOSTON, June 29, 1885.

I want to say something about the Woman's Relief Corps of which Mrs. Sherwood has been the President and Miss Sibley the secretary during the past year. Few, I venture to say, outside of it and the Grand Army, are aware of the strength and power of this National organization. It has grown so swiftly and yet so silently, that its membership has rolled up into the thousands, while many people are still in ignorance of its aims and purposes. Only yesterday an intelligent young Boston lady asked: "What is this Relief Corps and what is it doing?"

We, in Toledo, where the work has been so actively carried on, know that it is auxiliary to the Grand Army, and that its object is to assist in caring for the old veterans, their wives and children. In the early days of the G. A. R. it was found necessary to enlist women in raising funds to carry on the work of the order, and from this necessity arose local organizations in different places under various names, but with no unity of action. Later on these became merged in state associations, of which Massachusetts took the lead in the East, with Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller, of Boston, as president, and Ohio in the West, with Mrs. Sherwood as its moving spirit.

I do not purpose now to enter into a full history of the progress of the movement. A national organization became imperative, and in July, 1883, it was formed at Denver, with its present form of government.

ONE OF THE ACCUSATIONS

always brought against women is, that they are so divided against themselves, have so much individual talking to do that concert of action is impossible. The formation of the National Relief Corps at Denver covers these accusers with confusion. There were delegates from nearly every state in the Union, representing 26 different orders, and the possibility of uniting upon common ground had seemed, to say the least, exceedingly doubtful. Yet it was done. Those from the East favored ritualistic forms; those from the West, headed by Mrs. Sherwood, were strong for an open society. The latter waived her individual opinions and offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That we organize ourselves into a Woman's Relief Corps, upon the basis of the Woman's Relief Corps of Boston, Mass.

This was divided into two clauses, the first being adopted unanimously, and the second carried by a fair majority.

It was a wise thing for Mrs. Sherwood to do, and it showed that she possessed not only keen foresight, but the power that many men have not, to let go a minor point however cherished, in order to carry a major one. At her instance the officers of the Massachusetts Corps were made the National officers for the first year. At the second annual convention, at Minneapolis, Mrs. Sherwood was elected president, and her term of office has just expired. She was re-elected unanimously at Portland, but declined the onerous position. Mrs. Gen. H. Fuller was placed at the head of the national organization. I had the pleasure of meeting this lady. She is a slender, delicate-looking woman, with a fair, sweet face that is full of character. Her manners are gentle and retiring, and yet she is fully equal to supporting the dignity of this high office. The widow of an officer in the army of the Potomac, her whole heart is bound up in work for the soldier. She has been for years prominent in local charities, and was a pioneer in the work of the Grand Army. She was the first president of the Relief Corps in Massachusetts, and when Mrs. E. Florance Barker was elected president of the national organization at Denver, she was made national secretary. She has been fitly chosen for this high position.

The new secretary is Mrs. R. B. Wheeler, of South Boston, whose husband was killed in the battle of the Wilderness. She, too, is prominent in local charities, and is a woman of strong character. I notice one peculiarity about the choice of national secretaries. The matter of personal beauty seems to have great weight; Mrs. Fuller, the first one, I have already described. Our own Miss Sibley was universally admired at the encampment for grace and beauty, and Mrs. Wheeler is an exceedingly pretty brown-haired, brown-eyed woman. Both Mrs. Fuller and Miss Sibley were tremendous workers in their position, and doubtless Mrs. Wheeler will prove her ability to fill the office well.

THE THIRD CONVENTION.

has shown that the National Relief Corps is an organization that has come to stay, and not only that, but to grow in power and influence with every year that passes. Its cordial recognition by the Grand Army, the warm approval it received from Gen. Logan and other representative men at the encampment, the courtesies extended to it, the attentions to its officers, all these things proved how it has grown in the appreciation of the public.

Right here I am reminded of the presentation to the National Relief Corps of

A REAL LIVE EAGLE

brought from Minnesota to Portland, and carried in the procession. He was christened U. S. Grant, and is a bold looking, fierce fellow. Of course the president of the Corps gratefully accepted the gift, but it is my private opinion, which I only dare to whisper, that neither she nor any of the officers knew exactly what to do with this "bird of the free." At any rate, it was presented to the new commander of the Grand Army, and has been sent on to Washington for a year's residence.

Prominent among the Washington delegates was Dr. Bliss, who was Garfield's physician. He is a rather striking looking man with a peculiarly unhealthy complexion that indicates poor health and a short life. Commander Burdett's election seemed to please him exceedingly.

One of the

MOST VIVID MEMORIES

left of the visit to far East Portland is the steamer ride to the island of Little Chebeague and the clam bake we had after our arrival, a real genuine down-East clam bake, which perhaps not one in twenty of the visitors had ever before enjoyed.

The business sessions of both encampment and convention were over, when we gathered upon the magnificent steamers provided for the occasion. There was a huge crowd to be sure but one who had been, for several nights, compressed into one-sixth part of the space she ought to occupy, would not find it uncomfortable. In fact the scenery was so beautiful, the air so exhilirating and everybody in such good humor that it was impossible to stop enjoyment long enough to find out whether there was ample room or not. That glorious Casco Bay! It lay stretched out before the city of Portland, its rippling blue waters glinting in the sunshine, its many islands—one they say for every day in the year—rising up from its bosom here and there in robes of shimmering green, while tall-masted vessels and white-winged yachts floated lazily on the shining surface and added to the enchantment of the scene. It almost seemed as if some rare and radiant vision of Paradise had been permitted to bless our mortal vision, so beautiful were all of the surroundings.

We reached

LITTLE CHEBEAGUE

after all too short a ride, and in a few moments the crowd was scattered, some down on the shore looking for shells, others wading through the daisy spangled clover, plucking the star-eyed blossoms, others still seeking the greater elevations in order to enjoy the glorious prospect. Everybody seemed gay and happy, and if there were jealousies and heart-burnings, they were, for the nonce, shrouded out of sight as if they had never been.

So passed the hours away, wandering through this scene of enchantment. And then came the clam-bake. Tables and seats had been prepared for 1,500 people. Near the shore the process of preparation had gone on upon a magnificent scale. Over a large bed of solid rock a great fire was kindled and left to burn down to ashes. When this was swept off, masses of sea-weed were heaped upon the red-hot surface, and then

HUNDREDS OF BUSHELS

of clams were poured upon the steaming bed. Above these—and here I pause to shudder because of man's inhumanity to lobsters—great numbers of the living creatures were tossed to agonize and die in that seething mass. But neither gentle maidens, tender hearted matrons, or brave soldiers seemed to find them any less toothsome because of this cruel ending of their lives. I could not but think that the vivid red color to which they turn from the dark green of healthy existence was the results of the red heat of pain which they must suffer in being boiled or steamed alive. Well, it is the old story of the stronger preying upon the weaker, but I cannot help being thankful that I was born a woman, and not a lobster.

To return. Several barrels of sweet potatoes were turned upon the lobsters and some hundreds of dozens of eggs fell into the same insatiable maw, and then the sea mud covering was applied and they were all left to be smothered and cooked in this furnace. When all was ready, the tables were filled, cups of melted butter were provided to dip the clams and lobsters in, coffee was brought on, and for the next two hours the feast which the gods—in the shape of the citizens of Portland—had provided, was discussed with enthusiasm. It was not an edifying sight. Its must be confessed, to see dainty fingers picking the clams out of the shells, dipping them in the melted butter, then tossing them into the open mouth to be swallowed up bodily, but it appeared to give great pleasure.

The afternoon did not pass away without speech-making. They were short all of them, not more than ten minutes each, but they showed conclusively that the old soldiers could talk as well as eat. Several of the speakers were from Ohio, and they were among the best. Judge Cochran, of Toledo, made some particularly happy hits—in fact I found all through the proceedings Toledo men and women taking a leading part in everything. And then just before the crowd scattered for clams, Gen. Logan came forward in response to repeated calls, and made a few happy remarks that aroused the usual enthusiasm.

At six o'clock the boats carried back the excursionists to the city, and the scattering of the gathered hosts began immediately. Some departed at eleven o'clock for an excursion to Log Harbor and its surroundings, pronounced by those who have taken advantage of this grand, noble and free country by how dis he come by his power to rebuke the nation? And yet he says: "Why not give Americans a chance? What have the Europeans done for America?" I say, what has the American done for America who cannot support a family? Why, he has not even thanked God for American freedom. I would advise such men to come West and grow up with the country, where this bad government offers them 320 acres of as good land as their judgment will let them select from some twelve or fifteen states. A. D. B.

Staplehurst, Neb.

A Sothern Republican Speaks.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In my travels through Florida this past winter and spring I have met with the BLADE a great many times, and have read the CAMP FIRE always. I am a Republican and was opposed to secession, and thought it was wrong, but I was born and raised in the South, and was young when the war commenced. So I went with the Confederates. I think as much of the men that wore the blue as those wore the gray, when they are the right kind of men. I have met with a great many of blues that has been my bosom friends, and talked of the war, and it pained them to think of it. I did not blame the Southern soldiers for fighting for what they thought to be right, and the blues thought they were right. They are the right kind of men, the kind I love. I know the South did wrong, and so did the North. The North will have a great sin to answer for, for the pilfering and stealing they did during the war of private property and the unnecessary burning of towns, etc.; for instance, Sherman's burns in Virginia, and the soldiers entering private houses, tearing up feather beds, taking watches, insulting defenseless women, killing poor discharged crippled Confederate soldiers, and making head and foot boards of their crutches, and leaving some on the road side with their tongues cut out, and hanging private and good citizens who were taking no part in the war just for their money. All this I know to be true. I just want the correspondents of the CAMP FIRE to know that all the men who wore the blue were not saints. Again, they always speak of the Johnnies in some disparaging way, and slightly of their fighting. Now I would be silent on this question if I wore the blue. To think I was four years whipping a few ragged, ignorant people, as you take them to be. Think when the South was on equal footing with, for instance, the two Bull Run battles, Fair Oaks, seven days' fight around Richmond, Fredericsburg, Chancellorsville, Antietam, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and by that time the South had worn herself out whipping you. Gen. Meade got the best of Gen. Lee at Gettysburg, but Gen. Meade got as much as he wanted, and did not care to push Lee. At the commencement of the battle of the Wilderness Lee had less than 60,000 men, while Grant had about 130,000, while Grant lost more men from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor than Lee had. How was Johnston handling Sherman from Dalton to Atlanta? What would be have done if he had been let alone, and if we had had such a man as A. Lincoln in the place of J. Davis? Some of your fine correspondents would have had plenty of shooting. Davis was worth more to the North than Grant or Sherman. I want no Confederacy, but I want the CAMP FIRE men to think more, and more reasonably.

H. F. NULL.

Webster, Fla.

The Tennessee "Four-Mile Law."

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I ilk your position on the rum question, and will give a few facts in relation to the four-mile law in Tennessee. Before the law went into effect, Jasper, the county seat of Marion county, had two saloons, and a drug store where whisky could be had *ad libitum*; drunkenness and rioting were common. Now it is a rare thing to see a drunken man on the streets. One has to send out of the county to get a drink of the ardent, and when he gets it, it is too precious to be exposed to the view of the many suckers who would take a little if it was presented, so it is drank in private, if at all. One can get a drink at Tracy City now, as the corporation was abolished by the last legislature. I was at Tracy the other day, and I saw a few topers who looked rather blue, who were lamenting their hard luck in not being able to get their regular allowance of stimulants.

Have you ever read "Labor and Capital," by Edward Kellogg? If not, I would like to have you read it and express your opinion as to his views of the cause of financial panics. I would also like to hear the opinion of the many readers of the BLADE on Mr. Kellogg's ideas. If he be correct as to the cause of hard times, it seems to me the remedy might be found and pointed out by some of the thousands of readers of the BLADE. Give a column, or part of a column, to political economy. The pamphlet "Labor and Capital" can be had at any book store. AMOS L. GRIFFITH.

Flat Rock, Tenn.

Rev. Joseph Parker on Beer.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Rev. Joseph Parker recently announced his position in the following language:

"For my part I have publicly announced that I will not attend any meeting on behalf of any charity that is presided over by a brewer. This announcement has occasioned a good deal of concern to some of my friends, but I have made it deliberately, and I have repeated it with the deepening conviction that it is right in principle and wise in application."

In this matter the reverend gentleman does not stand alone, and we all unite in praising him for the wise stand he has taken. We would consider it as consistent for Henry Ward Beecher to contract with Satan, to fill his place in Brooklyn church on next Sunday in behalf of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, as for a people to place a brewer in the chair in a meeting in behalf of charity, when they are indirectly the cause of much of the suffering which this meeting was striving to relieve. The time is not far distant when Bro. Parker's friends, who now exhibit so much concern for him, will be be able, with proud tread, to fall in and march with him to victory.

Emerald, Wis. J. S. GOODWIN.

A Pleasant Surprise.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Little did I think when I subscribed for the dear old BLADE, that I was getting a prohibition paper—and I prize it a thousand times more than I did before. It was left for me to decide, to have a new dress or take the BLADE; and you may be sure I was not long in making up my mind to take the old BLADE. And if the readers of it have received as much benefit and information as I have they will be wiser and better by it in their homes. We ought to do all we can to help "Pulverise the Rum Power." Glorious temperance, blessed cause! May God speed the day when King Alcohol will be banished from our land of gospel light and liberty. Long live the editor to bless the hearts of the people.

Elk City, Kan. MRS. M. C. WALKER.

A Domestic Revolution.

The Sewing Machine Oppression.

Something of Interest to Every Family in the Land.

Sewing Machines at Fair Prices

Every reader of the BLADE is asked to read the following carefully:

The middle-man system of doing business is costing the people of the United States millions of dollars annually. A piano, organ, sewing machine, reaper or mower costs the user at least three times what it should, owing to the method by which they are sold. The inventor and manufacturer gets only a fair profit, but there comes in between them and the consumer three parties, all of whom must have their profit, viz: the general agent, the district agent and the canvassing agent, whose percentages run up the cost of the article three to four times what it should be.

This is why a book that costs a dollar to manufacture cannot be sold to the person who wants it for less than $3.50, and the same rule applies to everything.

The Blade Company has watched the course of business in Sewing Machines carefully for years. There is not a woman who uses a Sewing Machine who has not paid at least twice for her Machine that she should. She has not paid the inventor or manufacturer exorbitant profits, but she has paid three middle men extravagant profits.

To remedy this exaction as far as possible, the Blade Company has determined to manufacture a reliable Sewing Machine, and to sell it direct to the user without the intervention of agents or middlemen of any kind or description.

We have secured the patents of the latest and best Sewing Machine, which we consider the best made. It is entirely simple, absolutely reliable, and cannot get out of order or do inferior work. It will sew any kind of material from the thinest muslin to the thickest leather, and possesses features superior to any machine now in use.

The BLADE warrants every one of them, which is a guarantee that ought to be satisfactory to anybody.

This machine we shall manufacture in a styles as good as any on the market. The machine will be Nickel-plated, the bearings all of steel, hardened, and the machine ornamented as handsomely as any sold anywhere, by anybody. It will be in all respects a first class machine, not only in appearance, but in actual work.

We shall sell it direct to the people. The price has not been determined as yet, for we do not know, precisely, the cost of manufacture, but it will be less than half what is exacted for other standard machines.

The only cheap machines that are now on the market are old machines rebuilt, or new ones made on patents that have expired. While all will sew, none of the cheap machines sold are worth having for they do not have the latest improvements. The Blade machine will have all the improvements, and will comprise all the appliances for every variety of work. It will be the most durable, the easiest operated and the most reliable machine made.

The object of this announcement, before we have any machines to ship, is to call the attention of the public to what we shall do, and save those contemplating the purchase of a Sewing Machine the necessity of either paying a high price or being swindled by cheap and imperfect machines.

We shall be ready to ship machines about the first of October. The price will be somewhere from $16 to $18, cash in our counting room before the machine is shipped. We do this for the reason that we will not pay interest, commissions, or have any bad debts to saddle upon honest people who do pay. We shall make the machine as cheaply as possible, to have a good machine, and shall sell it at a small advance upon cost, directly to the user. To do this, the business must be cash, and no commissions to middlemen.

This machine has never been offered in connection with any newspaper offer. It is an entirely new machine, built upon an entirely new idea, which has been tested thoroughly, and well. The BLADE warrants it to be all that is claimed for it.

To properly understand this matter we state that it costs the user of a middle-priced machine $32 to have the machine sold to her.

This we shall save to the people.

The Wheelers, Howes, Singers, and other manufacturers of sewing machines have amassed millions upon millions of dollars each, but with all this they have not brought the price to a point that enables one woman in five to own a machine. We propose to have the other four have machines, and better ones than have ever been placed in the homes of the people. This is our mission in the matter of Sewing Machines.

We have built a factory, 200 feet long, and shall have by the first of September 200 men at work, with the best machinery built by ourselves, and our product will be sold to the people at cost with a reasonable percentage of profit added. No middle man will get a penny—what they have exacted heretofore the people will have the benefit of.

Those contemplating the purchase of Sewing Machines, who approve of this plan, will send us their names. These names will be filed in the order of reception, and, when we are ready, descriptive circulars will be mailed. If, after this, the machine is wanted it will be sent on receipt of the price. Those applying first will receive the descriptive circulars first, and their machines first.

The BLADE will send with each machine a written guarantee, and will take the machine back and refund the money paid if it is not in all respects precisely as represented.

Address, The Blade Sewing Machine, Toledo, Ohio.

Petroleum Pipe Lines.

The pipes by which petroleum is transported from the oil regions to the seaboard are cleaned by means of a stem 2½ feet long, having at its front end a diaphragm made of wings which can fold on each other, and thus enable it to pass an obstruction it cannot remove. This machine carries a set of steel scrapers somewhat like those used is cleaning boilers. It is put into the pipes and propelled by the pressure transmitted from the pumps from one station to another. Relays of men follow the scraper by the noise it makes in its progress, one party taking up the pursuit as the other is exhausted. They must not let it get out of their hearing, for if it stops unnoticed its location can only be established by cutting the pipe.

The Cincinnati *Price Current* says the total number of hogs packed in the west last week was 195,000, compared with 125,000 for the corresponding time last year. The total packed to date from March 1, was 2,475,000, distributed as follows: Chicago, 1,380,000; St. Louis, 102,000; Indianapolis, 89,000; Cedar Rapids, 101,000; St. Joseph, 12,000; Kansas city, 410,000; Cincinnati, 58,000; Milwaukee, 117,000; Cleveland, 56,000; Ottumwa, 86,000.

—"For economy and comfort, every spring, we use Hood's Sarsaparilla," writes an intelligent Buffalo (N. Y.) lady. 100 Doses One Dollar."

Some Brief Opinions Upon Prohibition.

L. C. Beard, Cheswille, Md.:

I admire the BLADE for its fearless efforts to "Pulverize the Rum Power," and sincerely believe that wherever this infamous traffic has been suppressed, the BLADE'S fearless war upon the saloons helped to bring this about. The BLADE is a noble paper and should be in every household. It is especially the women's friend, trying as it does to save their husbands from filling drunkard's graves.

E. P. Denham, Sheridan, Mich.:

Enclosed find $1, not to renew my subscription to the BLADE, but as the annual instalment of my life subscription, which began several years ago.

Dwight Merrill, Norwich, N. Y.:

I will give you some reasons why I endorse the BLADE and the BLADE'S plan. I went in with the third party seven years ago, and when I left it a short time ago, it had less voters than when I went into the party. When the amendments came up I noticed the votes and these told the story. With 35,000 majority in Iowa and no third party, 323,000 in Ohio to 8,000 in the third party, with 47,000 in Maine and 2,500 prohibitionists, it is proven to me that the temperance question is a moral issue and must be settled by the people, irrespective of party.

F. T. Walker, Hamburg, Iowa:

I admire your courage in the cause of temperance. I live in a small city which has been ruled by whisky for many years. Since the passage of the prohibitory law whisky has been placed under a ban, but we are still ruled by a mayor who carries the sign of his party on his nose, and the council men are little better. The "ardent" still creeps out slily, but not as freely as before. There is a great need of education among the masses on this question, for many respectable people are on the whisky side. With the help of the churches, the cause is gaining. To help in this education we want some of your cartoons, but it takes nearly all the people will give to fight the enemy in the courts. We want to do the most good possible with what money we have, and we think that object teaching is always the most successful.

Winfield S. Colvin, Sharpsville, Ky.:

Having been a reader of the BLADE for some time, I take pleasure in saying that I fully endorse your temperance paper. I scarcely know which one of its departments I like best, as they are all full of interest on the various topics treated. I am a Prohibitionist, and like your plan of prohibition very much. I was also a soldier, and never fail to read the CAMP FIRE. Have the late Federal soldiers from Kentucky forgotten their deeds of valor on many hard-fought fields, or are they ashamed of the record they made? If they are not, let us hear from you.

H. M. Smith, Frankfort, Mich.:

I will say of the BLADE'S views on temperance, "Them's my sentiments exactly." I am a Prohibitionist, but not a third party man. This third party power is the worst element in our great nation to-day, and I believe is bound to make much more trouble than it has; but I believe the time will come when the people will rise in their might and put it forever under their feet, as they did the slave power.

Why Ansley Gray Became a Prohibitionist.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Hon. Ansley Gray, the Prohibition orator, in a recent lectures told why he became a Prohibitionist, in the following words: "Immediately after I graduated, I was sent to the legislature in Wisconsin. The next year I represented Burleigh county, Dak., in the territorial house. My early education led me to oppose any laws that trenched on 'personal liberty.' A local option bill was introduced in the Dakota legislature, and I prepared a speech against it. I thundered the American eagle, the star spangled banner, the goddess of liberty, and all that, mixed and mangled in magnificent rhetorical confusion, and expected to annihilate the bill with wind. The W. C. T. U. appointed a committee to wait on me and to urge me to vote for and talk for the bill. They presented their case strongly. It was a new view to me. I acknowledged its force, and promised not to speak against the bill. They thanked me and withdrew. Shortly after a little Jew, a fellow who had a wholesale whisky house in Yankton, came into my room and asked me if I was all ready for my speech. I told him I had had an interview with some ladies representing the W. C. T. U., and had promised not to speak against the bill. This made the little whisky seller mad. He jumped up and said: 'O Gray, it won't be ten years before we have so confounded many churches, so confounded many school-houses, and so confounded many women, that we will have Prohibition.' That was enough."

The Boss Collar Pad will cure sore withers.

Getting Rid of Debris Cheaply.

Mr. McLaughlin, the supervising mechanic at the Washington monument, says that he has given away at least five tons of chips of marble from pieces used in the monument, and that the demand for relics is even greater than ever. There are now lying about the base of the monument about three tons of small chips of the marble and granite. Of course they are free to all who desire them. Mr. McLaughlin also says he thinks inside of a year every chip will be taken away.

Publishers' Column.

THE BLADE'S PREMIUM LIST.

Books, Pictures and Watches.

We publish five books, as follows:—

"NASBY IN EXILE," the travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Old Price, $3.50.

"ANDERSONVILLE," a Story of Southern Prisons, by John M'Elroy. This is the only correct history of Southern prisons ever written and one of the most entertaining as well as truthful books ever published. Old price $3.00.

"OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES." The best book of recipes and the most reliable ever printed. It has always sold for $2.00.

"HEALTH AND BEAUTY," by Miss Emily S. Bouton. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and girls. It contains plain and reliable directions for attaining and retaining health and beauty and is indispensable. Price $1.00.

"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE."—Another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of good society with the reasons for and the philosophy thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should have this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price $1.

THE GREAT STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. —This magnificent steel engraving was never sold for less than $10, and it is richly worth it. It is the most valuable steel plate with one exception, that was ever engraved, and should be on the walls of every house. In 100 tableaux it tells the whole story of the Pilgrim's Progress.

THE WATERBURY (NASBY) WATCH. —There is no necessity of making any comment upon this marvel of cheapness and excellence. We have sent out thousands of them. Regular price, $3.50.

NOW READ THESE COMBINATION OFFERS.

We have given you above the regular prices of the books, pictures and engravings. Below we state what we will send them by mail for, either singly or in combination with the BLADE. Read carefully so as to make no mistake:

"NASBY IN EXILE," by mail, postpaid..... $2 00
"NASBY IN EXILE," and the BLADE one year. 2 75

"OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES," by mail, postpaid..... $2 00
"OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES," and the Weekly BLADE one year..... 2 90

"ANDERSONVILLE," by mail, postpaid..... $2 00
"ANDERSONVILLE," and the Weekly BLADE one year..... 2 75

"HEALTH AND BEAUTY," by mail, postpaid. $1 00
"HEALTH AND BEAUTY," and the Weekly BLADE one year..... 1 90

"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," by mail, postpaid.... $1 00
"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," and the Weekly BLADE one year..... 1 90

THE STEEL ENGRAVING, "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"..... $1 25
THE STEEL ENGRAVING, and the BLADE one year..... 2 0

THE WATERBURY WATCH, by mail, postpaid..... $3 50
THE WATERBURY WATCH, and the BLADE one year..... 3 50

Every family in the United States ought to have the BLADE and all these articles.

Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S TEMPERANCE CARTOONS.

To Temperance Workers, Societies and Organizations.

The BLADE, months ago, conceived the idea of instructing the people in the Temperance cause by means of appeals to the eye. To the end of arousing public sentiment we have issued two cartoons, for posting, the first of which has been scattered all over the United States. Of this one we sent out, gratis, nearly 100,000, which is our contribution to the great cause.

BLADE CARTOON, NO. 1.

"Do You See Any Good Coming Out of It?"

This is a very forcible picture. In the center is a bottle labelled "Whiskey," though a label is unnecessary. From the mouth of the bottle issues a vapor which separates in four sections, crowning each being pictures representing Murder, Beggary, Gambling and Delirium. On one side of the bottle is a devil and on the other a bar-room loafer, with appropriate sketches filling in the corners.

It is a powerful presentation of the evils and certain results of Intemperance.

BLADE CARTOON, NO. 2.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Boy Go?"

A series of pictures, commencing with the face of a beautiful three-year-old, who starts in life on an equality with all other three-year-olds. On the upward line comes first the clean-faced boy of 10 on his way to school; next, the young, ambitious student of 18; then the young soldier of 21; then the middle-aged, strong man of 30; and, lastly, the hale and hearty old man of 70.

The contrast is another line of pictures, viz: The street boy already under the influence of rum, with the stub of a cigar in his mouth, at 10, the hoodlum at 18, the bar-room loafing ruffian at 21, the tramp and criminal of 50, and the broken-down vagabond of 70.

There can be no more forcible presentation of the subject in pictorial form, and no cartoon can be devised that will better tell the whole story and do it at a glance.

BLADE CARTOON NO. 3.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Girl Go?"

Our next Cartoon, which is now rapidly being nailed, is entitled, "Which way would you have your Girl Go?" It contrasts the life of a girl who marries a ober man with one who weds a drunkard, and is quite as effective as those that ha v preceded it.

BLADE CARTOON NO. 4.

"In Which Village Would You Bring Up Your Children?"

This is the title of our Temperance cartoon, No. 4. It is an exceedingly spirited illustration of two villages, one under Prohibition rule and the other under the control of the Rum mills. It is quite as effective as its three predecessors, and will do as much toward arousing the public sentiment upon this great question. Those who have ordered the three preceding ones should add this immediately.

We have made a price on them, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

We want them pasted up so that they will stay, in every shop, store, factory, and on fences where they will be seen, in every section of the United States. There must be a temperance sentiment developed, everywhere. The people need awakening. Order them—the cost is barely nothing.

Send in your orders at once, and when received post them where they will be seen. We shall follow these with others.

PORTRAIT OF GEN. GRANT.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper. Write PLAINLY. DO NOT interline. Write BRIEFLY.

WOMAN'S WORK.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

XXXVII.

I approach the subject of this chapter—domestic service—with a sort of despairing feeling that all I can say will be useless in making girls who are obliged to support themselves, see that possibly, in this direction, they may, if they will, find better-paid work and with pleasanter surroundings than in many others to which they rush, only to be again and again disappointed, or to wear their lives away in a drudgery as severe, and often far more so, than is ever found in the kitchens.

"You would not have us be servants, would you!" exclaims some bright-eyed girl, who has a fair education and is full of hope and ambition. No, not if there is anything which you can do better, and you have the opportunity to do it. I believe in every human being doing that work in the world which nature has best fitted him for, but I also believe that many and many an individual comes to want and misery by attempting what is utterly alien to their taste, temperament and capacity, simply because they believe it to be more respectable.

Girls, there are any number of you who really like housework. Of course some parts are distasteful, but as a whole, you would rather do it than to sew, or write, or study. If pride did not prevent, if, as an employment, it gave you the same social position, you would prefer it infinitely to standing behind a counter all the weary day, toiling in the heat and dust of a factory, bending over the needle, or running the sewing machine. You would rather have a safe and quiet home with people whose comfort and happiness depend largely upon you and the way you perform your duties, who might sometimes be exacting, but no more so than any other class of employers, and when at the end of the week or month your money would be handed to you with the regularity of clockwork. But, alas! you would be working in "sometody's kitchen," that terrible bugbear of the American girl, who would be happy and comfortable could she substitute "my" or "mother's" for "somebody's," and labor twice as hard. When that for you is impossible, why can you not throw the same spirit and enthusiasm that is necessary to make anything a success, into this housework and leave other employments that are utterly uncongenial to you and can only wear and waste you mentally and physically, for those who cannot do what you can, well? I know what your answer is without hearing it.

I said something like this in an editorial long ago, and vials of wrath descended upon my poor head. "How would you like to go into 'somebody's' (there is the ogre again) kitchen and be a servant," was the question asked again and again, and in a way that showed the questioners felt as if that was an extinguisher. I did not reply then but I will now. I should not like it at all, simply because I can do something better, which is more to my taste, and has a much greater money value. But if I could not, if I were stranded in the world and obliged to choose between domestic service, the store, or the factory, I should take the first. But I would be no common servant. I would have a pride in doing every thing I had to do just as well as it could be done. I would learn to cook so that the products of my skill would challenge comparison with those of the best. I would work by rule, that is, I would be exact, so that things should not be good to-day and poor to-morrow. I should make cooking my profession, and take the same pride in it that painters and sculptors do in theirs, and then—

I think I hear you laugh here in derision. "Then" you exclaim, "you will still be a servant, with a mistress to order your time and movements! What will you have gained?"

I will have gained the pleasant consciousness of a duty well performed; an independent self-support that can not fail me so long as I keep to my standard of excellence; the respect of my employers; a comfortable home, and steady pay, out of which I can save something for the inevitable rainy day. Nor need I stop here. Experience combined with skill would give me a better position with higher pay. There are men cooks who so salaries reach up into the thousands a year. Why not women, if they bring the same skill to the work?

"That is all very well," you say, "but how could you bear the social ostracism?"

Ah, there's the rub! I grant you it would be hard to see those you know to be your inferiors in all that goes to make up the true woman, draw their skirts around them and pass by on the other side, because you "work out" and they do not. We may reason about its absurdity and that such are not worth minding, but all the same, it cuts. A wound to the vanity hurts worse than many a hard blow upon the heart. Strange that this should be so, but we must take the world and life as we find it, and this is the way.

Well, there are ample compensations for even this, if one only looks at it aright. I think I should reason thus, at least I should if I allowed good common sense to speak: I am obliged or desire to be self-supporting. These people will not lift a hand to help me, even I remain a genteel do-nothing. Is it worth my while to slave at work for which I have no fitness, merely to be tolerated by those for whom my only sentiment is indifference. Let them go out of my world without regret, while I turn for enjoyment to the real pleasures that will multiply in my path way.

It is a deplorable fact, however, that the majority of intelligent girls do not reason in this way. The word "servant" shocks them. No long ago a man advertised for a woman secretary, and the same day his wife advertised for a cook. Seventy girls applied for the first position; two for the second. This was the result:

The business man engaged as secretary a young woman highly qualified as amenuensis and able to use the type-writer. He pays her $6 or seven dollars a week, out of which she has to board and clothe herself. She is at a daily expense for car fare to and from the office, and in a position such as hers gloves, shoes and gowns require frequent replenishing. Yet had the employer offered but $5 a week fifty girls would have clamored for the place.

The wife is still in search of a cook. She offers $3.50 a week besides hiring much other service. She took on trial a woman who applied, only to discharge her in 24 hours. Like the majority of her kind the probationer thought the two things needful to constitute a first-class cook were a roaring fire and plenty of raw material.

Two things have contributed to degrade domestic service, or, perhaps, I might say, one thing, for the other grows out of this: The influx of ignorant foreigners into our kitchens. The consequent idea is that cooking does not need brains; that it is purely manual labor and therefore refinement and intelligence are needless. The one inevitable result is to make both employers and employed feel that it is a grade lower in social life than standing behind the counter or sewing, and therefore to be religiously avoided by American girls who can, by any possibility, find anything else to do.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

A Handsome Work-Stand.—It isn't found in any of the stores or shops; but any lady can have one who can find about the premises a handy man or boy, provided that the same is good-natured and able to use the plane and saw. Half-inch stuff is best for the purpose. Have three shallow boxes made, each one foot wide and two feet long; one of them four inches deep, the others two inches deep. Have them placed one over the other, the deepest at the top, and connected at the corners by four upright pieces or legs, which may be "turned" and made quite ornamental with little expense. Finish the top one with a plain board cover on hinges, and add small casters. Then proceed to ebonize or stain and varnish the stand, applying a little gilding, if you choose. Then line the top box with fine flannel, silk or satin, making compartments and pockets for sewing implements; and around the bottom of each box tack deep macrame fringe or any drapery you like. Having once tried it, you will never allow your sewing and fancy work to disperse to all corners of the house again.

Russian crash table-covers, edged with Russian lace, are pretty for round tables in bed-rooms. They may be ornamented still more by embroidering a border in working cotton.

Paper Weight.—Ten ten-penny nails dipped in gold varnish are bound together by a crimson ribbon and make an artistic paper weight.

Artistic.—Painting the lower panes of windows in oil colors is an amusement just now fashionable with English girls.

Catch-All.—A pretty little catch-all is made of a child's wooden pail. The handle is removed and the pail is painted with large clusters of roses or chrysanthemums, a silk bag is pasted or fastened in at the top and suspended with long ribbons. For finishing the edges of bracket or shelf lambrequin, there is nothing newer or prettier than the imitation coins now used. They are very showy; the imitation eagles sewed very thickly on the edge of a plush lambrequin are especially handsome, as are the golden crescents.

Bangle Board.—A useful adjunct to the toilet table: A "bangle board" is made of thin board ten inches long and five or six wide, with beveled edges, covered with plush, velvet or satin and provided with small nickel-plated hooks upon which bangles or rings may be hung. Suspended by ribbons from the wall, it may be ornamented with embroidered initials or flowers. The origin of this fancy is the "dangle board," a little panel of oak with hooks inserted from which hang keys, button-hooks or anything else that would properly "dangle" from a nail.

Splashers.—Cotton momie cloth in cream, gray and pale tan shades continue in favor for these simple articles of household use; a wash-stand splasher, having an etched design of cat-tails by the side of a brook and a group of water lilies spread out upon its surface. An immense frog reposes on a convenient bit of aquatic foliage. A large splasher, to be used over a bath-tub, has the scene of Jack and Jill coming down the hill carrying the pail of water between them, and already slipping and hastening to their doom.—R. S.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; s c, short crochet.

Fern Lace—Cast on sixteen stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—s l—k 1—o—n—k 7—o—n—o twice—k 2. 2d row—s l—k 1—k l loop—drop one loop, the rest plain. 3d row—s l—k 1—o—n—k 3—o—n—k 4—o—n—o twice—k 2. Knit every alternate row like the second. 5th row—s l—k 1—o—n—k 4—o—n—k 4—o—n—o twice—k 2. 7th row—s l—k 1—o—n—k 5—o—n—o—n—k 4—o—n—o twice—k 2. 9th row—s l—k 1—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—k 4—o—n—o twice—k 2. 11th row—s l—k 1—o—n—k 5—o—n—o—n—k 4—o—n—o twice—k 2. 13th row—s l—k 1—o—n—k 6—o—n—o—n—k 4—o—n—o twice—k 2. 15th row—s l—k 1, o—n—k 7—o—n—o—n—k 4—o—n—o twice—k 2. 17th row—s l—k 1—o—n—k 8—o—n—o—n—k 4—o—n—o twice—k 2. 19th row plain. 20th row—k 8. Now with the left-hand needle take up seven stitches at the right hand, one at a time, over the eighth, knit through plain; commence as before.—KANSAS VIVE.

Please make the following corrections and explanations of my wide lace pattern in your issue of June 4. In the first row "over and narrow" was omitted just before "over 3 times" and in the tenth row it should be "k 3—p 1," instead of "k 3—k 1." I have received letters from ladies who did not understand turning to knit back and making 4 stitches out of large loops. When you turn to knit back it should leave 5 stitches on the left hand needle unknit and knit next row as you go back. It makes the lace look pleated when finished. To make 4 stitches out of large loops you must both k 1 and p 1 in the same stitch.—MISS EMMA JACKSON.

Correspondence.

POULTRY RAISING FOR WOMEN—No. 6.—Since I am off the regular track I will this week—in response to BLADE readers who want to know how to pack eggs "so that they will keep fresh for five or six months, or until the price about doubles,"—give an article which I wrote last spring in reply to the same inquiry from a reader of the *Poultry Messenger*. But I will preface it by remarking that a woman can buy eggs when they are cheap, pack them, hold them till the price goes up, and make money on them "just like a man."

"There is no method by which eggs can be kept *perfectly fresh* for any length of time, but there are several ways by which they can be kept *good* for several months, and thousands of dollars are made every year by dealers who buy eggs when they are cheap, preserve them, and hold till the price goes up. These pickled eggs never bring as high prices as strictly fresh eggs, but the best brands sell at figures that enable the dealers to nearly or quite double the money invested. The cheapest method and the one most used by large dealers, is the old salt and lime method. Make a pickle of lime, salt and water in the following proportions: One bushel of lime, one peck of salt, and 250 quarts of water. The lime must be the finest quality of stone lime, and the salt clean and the water pure. Slack the lime with a portion of the water and then add the rest of the water and the salt. Stir well three or four times in the course of the day and then let it remain over night to settle and cool. The next morning dip off the clear liquid into the casks or vats that the eggs are to be placed in. When the vat is filled to the depth of fifteen inches or so, begin to put in the eggs. For this purpose use a long-handled tin basin, the edge muffled with leather or felt, and the bottom and sides punched full of large holes. Fill the basin with eggs, put both under the pickle and turn the eggs out carefully. When the eggs are about one foot deep in the vat, spread over them some of the pickle that is a little milky in appearance, made so by stirring up some of the light lime particles that settled last, and do this as each lot of eggs is added. The object of this is to have the fine lime drawn into the pores of the shells and seal the eggs. Care should be taken not to get too much of the lime in, i. e., not enough to settle and stick to the shells so as to make them difficult to clean when taken out for market. When the eggs are within four inches of the top of the vat, cover with a piece of white cotton cloth, and spread on that two or three inches of the lime that settled in making the pickle, and the pickle must always cover the lime on top of the cloth." Vats built in the cellar around the walls are by some dealers considered the best for preserving eggs in, while other dealers use hogsheads and large tubs made for the purpose. But really the size and shape of the receptacles for the eggs is of little consequence; the main thing is to have the vats or tubs perfectly sweet and clean, and the cellar or place where they are kept free from all contaminating odors, and cool—the cooler the better—i. e., down to any point above freezing. The eggs should be perfectly fresh when put in the pickle, and those from hens where no male fowls are kept will keep longer than impregnated eggs.

When the eggs are wanted for market they must be taken out of the pickle, thoroughly cleansed of the lime, dried, and then packed the same as fresh eggs.

The best method for housekeepers to pack a few dozens for family use in winter, or for farmers who only pack a barrel or so for winter market, is to pack, small end downwards, in dry salt and keep in the cellar. The eggs must not touch each other, or the sides of the package, and they must be kept covered with the salt. Eggs packed in salt took the first prize for preserved eggs at the Birmingham (Eng.) dairy show last year. There were 31 competitors for the prizes.

Eggs packed in bran will also keep good if the packages are kept in a perfectly dry place where a steady low temperature can be maintained. And the people who are fortunate enough to have a room in an ice-house where the temperature can be kept at just a degree or two above the freezing point, can pack the eggs on end in egg crates, all ready for market, and keep them in "cold storage" until the time comes to market them.

There are numerous other methods of packing, but as those given are the best it is not worth while to occupy space for the others. But right here let me warn you against sending money to any one who may advertise some "new and infallible method of preserving eggs for any length of time." Within a few years I have "investigated" at least a score of these "new methods" and nearly every case found some old recipe, usually the salt and lime, or salt and cream of tartar method, changed a trifle by the addition of some useless substance. An acquaintance sent $3 for one of these "new methods" and received the recipe for the salt and lime as I have given it here, except that it called for the addition of two ounces of saltpeter. I know of one "sharper" who picked up an egg-preserving recipe that had been published in every agricultural and poultry paper in the country, changed the wording a little, advertised it as a "new method," and cleared $5,000 from its sale.

WOMEN SPEAKERS IN CHURCH.—I cannot agree with "Pansy" in regard to it not being right for a woman to speak in church. It is true, Paul has said a great many things concerning woman, and we may wonder or conclude that, looking far into futurity he beheld "woman suffrage." In starting out on the woman question, he tells us in I Cor., vii: "But I speak this by permission and not of commandment." And again he says, "Now concerning virgins, I have no commandment of the Lord, yet I give my judgment," etc. In Romans, 16th chapter, he extols the woman who labored in the church: "That ye receive her in the Lord," and "greet," using the same term to both woman and man. We hardly think if it were very wrong that Jesus would have sent a woman to bear the tidings of His resurrection to the disciples.—L. M. S.

REST.—Perhaps, when you read these remarks you will think I didn't have the right text, but the text is all right if the remarks are not. How many of you country sisters have been resting up your village and city relatives? Now, please don't all you city sisters speak up at once, and say you know something about the country sisters with their awkward ways and old-fashioned dresses. I presume you do, but I am going to present the side I am best acquainted with—that is, the side most seen by the women living upon a farm.

When you go into the country "to rest," did you ever think what particular right you had to go and "rest" upon some relative's strength who, ten chances to one, hasn't had half a dozen days of rest in as many years? I have a friend who has been "resting up" her city relatives all summer. She told me recently she had got through "resting" them. When they told her they came to visit it was all right; but when they said they came to "rest" she should tell them she thought their place was at the hotel. But she won't, she will go right on "resting" them until she rests in the grave.

She told me how one of her guests managed. She would lie abed until called down to breakfast; after that was over, go into the parlor and visit a few minutes with her mother (who lives there). Go to bed and stay until dinner; after dinner, visit a few moments more with her mother; then go to bed and lie until just before supper, get up, dress for the evening to be ready to visit with those who might call. For her hostess she had not even her company, much less a helping hand to lift her heavy burdens.

That same routine was gone through with day after day of the several weeks she staid. I have in mind another lady who "rested" at a farm house all winter, who not only did not think of helping her hostess in any way, but would go with her hair "slicked" over and an old faded water-proof dress on, without collars or cuffs, day after day; in fact did so all winter much to the indignation of her hostess, who was ashamed to have her neighbors see her, and told me that upon one occasion when she was dreadfully sick, and couldn't sit up a minute, she had bread rising which her guest never offered to mix, although it had commenced to run over. Finally becoming exasperated she said, "you may do just as you please, mix that bread or put it in the swill." At that she mixed and baked the bread.

A young lady came from some distance to visit relatives in a village and the country near by. She had very nice clothing, and while in the village wore it; but as soon as she went out on the farm to visit she wore a calico dress all day long, much to her friend's disgust. This friend told me afterward that if she ever came again she, the hostess, would put on the best dress she had every afternoon. Now what is the matter? Do they think their country friends will be envious of their fine clothes? or do they think it is on the farm and it is no difference? Another lady came to visit us who thought the coffee would be better *if made this way*, and the *steak would be* better if cooked that way, and potatoes weren't healthy and so on to the end of the chapter. She did not keep house and did no housework whatever.

Now let us look at the bright side of this picture. The visit of the most brilliant conversationalist it was ever my good fortune to meet, was looked forward to by her overworked sister-in-law as a pleasure.

In speaking of the visit before the lady came she said: "I never dread to have her come; but always like to have her make a long visit." When she came I could understand why no one could dread to have her come. She did not sit around and say: "If there is any thing I can do to help just tell me" She knew the dishes were to be washed, and helped wash them. Could see the beds were to make, and made them. Knew the sweeping was to be done, and helped do it, besides helping her tired sister with her cheery conversation. Her visit was a blessing and a joy forever. One of the most lovable women I ever saw did not owe her hosts of friends so much to her brilliant talents as to her regard for others' rights, and care of others' feelings. She knew when others were tired, and always had a pleasant word and a helping hand for them. Her visits were always looked forward to as a pleasure. Before starting for Europe she staid in for days at the house of a friend. This friend had in her employ a young girl who during Mrs. B.'s stay had spent most of the time in the kitchen, as it was a very busy season. Yet, when Mrs. B. came to leave and was actually out-of-doors ready to enter the carriage that was waiting to take her to the train, she came back into the house saying, "I want to give Anna something to remember me by; she has done so much for me." She caught up a handsome majolica plate that came in her lunch basket and gave it to Anna, saying, "here is something for you to remember me by." The thoughtfulness of this little act brought tears to the young girl's eyes. It was a little thing, but our lives are made up of trifles. And she, always doing such sweet acts of kindness, was little lower than the angels.—GRACE.

Inquiries.

Will some reader of the BLADE be kind enough to send through the columns of the BLADE some verses that would be suitable for an autograph album?—SAMMIE WHITE.

In Flora's recipe for soda water, in the BLADE of June 11, she did not say what acid should be used.—FRENCH.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD please give a remedy for getting rid of bed bugs, where washing and scalding do no good?—SUBSCRIBER.

Will some reader of the HOUSEHOLD give directions for making rick rack trimming? Also, will some one please tell me what to do for my canary bird? It has sore feet.—A. L.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE please tell me what ails my chicks and a remedy? They get stupid and die. I put sulphur under their wings to kill the lice. Would that kill the chicks also? Is there something better to kill the vermin than sulphur? We think the BLADE a very valuable paper.—MRS. G. W. COLLINS.

Will some one please give a recipe for making "candied peel," such as we buy at the groceries?—E. H.

Will some one of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how to make the round bead neck chain that was so fashionable a year or so ago?—M. J. C.

Will some one of the BLADE readers give a cure for bed-sores?—JENNIE GRAHAM.

Can any one tell me at what age canary birds commence to sing? Also how to teach them tricks?

There was an inquiry in the HOUSEHOLD some time ago how to clean brass chandelier lamps. Can any one tell us?—DOLORES.

Will "O. K." please give plain directions for making "barrel chairs," through the HOUSEHOLD department?—MRS. S. R. WALLACE.

Will some one give me some information in regard to learning telegraphy? Some one who has had experience. Does a person pay while learning? Is it best to go to a school for learning or to a small station, such as we have here in Dakota? I am a young lady and am anxious to learn. I would like to paint a hat mark, the initials are "W. E. S." Will some one be kind enough to tell me what colors of paint to use, also the kind of brushes? Will Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson let me hear from her? as I am a new beginner; also what shall I paint it on, silk or satin? Is there a cure for the habit of biting finger nails? I have a friend who has contracted the habit and it seems impossible for her to stop.—PRAIRIE ROSE.

There was an article on telegraphy several weeks ago in "Woman's Work" in the HOUSEHOLD. We cannot repeat it.—ED.

Will some of the readers of the BLADE tell me quick of a remedy for soft corns between the toes? They are very painful. Would like also to correspond with some one living near some coast, where shells are plenty; would like to get a few specimens.—MRS. F. G. RETTIG, Ashtabula, O.

Will the editor, or some of the HOUSEHOLD, please tell me what will cure swelling of the feet and ankles, with cough of some ten or twelve years standing? I have had a cough for some ten or twelve years. Feet and legs been swelling for four or five years, rather on dropsical order.—JAMES B. TAYLOR, Patrick, Springs county, Va.

If a gentleman asks a lady for her company to a dance and then asks another lady to accompany them, she being a stranger in the neighborhood, which would it be proper for him to dance with first?—INEXPERIENCED.

The gentleman should consult the first lady that he invited, and ask her permission to dance with the stranger first.—ED.

Will some kind person tell me how to make blackberry cordial; also, what kind of clover Gen. Grant uses for his cure?—SUBSCRIBER.

The "clover cure" is a tea made of the flowers of the ordinary red clover. It is doing Gen. Grant no good.—ED.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE give me a very distinct description of the shell-stitch or a sample of the stitch, that I can learn from? I will send in return a very nice cake recipe, called the Minnehaha cake.—DELLA OWENS, Anthony, Karper county, Kansas.

Will some one please send directions for letter-holder? Some other way than with cardboard.—SUBSCRIBER.

Answers to Inquiries.

Tell the lady who inquired for a way to clean paint off from tin paint pails, to rub them first with paper, then apply coal oil freely with a woolen cloth. She will find that this method cleans them nicely.

In the last issue of the BLADE, I notice an item from "Christian Mother," who wonders what she can do for her poor hands, being obliged to use poor coal and hard water. The suggestions from the editor are excellent, but from experience I would say use sal soda to soften your water instead of Lewes' lye. Sal soda is not expensive and will be far better to soften the water than the lye. In washing clothes throw in a handful in the boiler with a large spoonful of turpentine, and your clothes will be white, while lye tends to make them yellow. The lye is recommended for soap making, and for cleaning unpainted floors, etc., but it is too harsh for anybody's hands. One great secret in the care of our hands is to wipe them perfectly dry; in winter it requires nearly two minutes, and to the busy housewife who is obliged to have them in water so frequently that it is neglected.—M.

If "M. S." will send me her address, enclosing a stamp, I will send her a description of "that pretty room," about which she inquires.—MRS. J. H. BUDD, Midland, Midland Co., Mich.

I wish to say to "Carrie" that I have suffered from sore mouth, and never found a remedy for it till I met an old lady who cured my stomach, (as this is where it starts from.) When once you get your stomach right, you will find your mouth is all right; and if yours hasn't run too long, if you will take a good physic—drink weak salt water every morning for two weeks, take a salt water bath once a week—it will cure your mouth. If it doesn't, you had better consult a doctor, as it is dangerous when it gets a good hold. I was bedfast with it before I knew what was the matter with me.—NAOMI.

Mrs. H. W. B. asks a cure for soft corns. Take balm of sulphur and turpentine, equal parts; mix; saturate cotton and bind on. It may take two or three months to cure. Alice wants to know how to clean a white wool zephyr shawl. Rub it thoroughly with dry wheat flour.—MRS. S. J. RICHARDSON, Santa Cruz, Santa Cruz county, Cal.

If Mrs. F. G. Rettig will bathe her hands well with glycerine three times a day for a week, I think she will have a cure for cracked thumbs and fingers. I notice in last week's BLADE a piece from "Moss Rose, Science Hill, Ky. Now won't she come often and tell us bits of her southern home that was once our dear old home? We love it yet despite our pleasant and happy one in Kansas.—HATTIE, Stockton, Kan.

I will tell the HOUSEHOLD what I did for croup. I give hive syrup, and it has never failed so far. It acts very quick as an emetic; to be had at any drug store and directions accompany it. We can not do much in this much-dreaded complaint, but there have been several good remedies given.—SADIE.

If any one gets a pin or bug in their ear, fill it with sweet oil, let it remain a few minutes, then let it run out, and fill again till removed.—MRS. I. CUTTER, Riverside, Mich.

So many are asking for something to stop their hair falling out. I am going to tell them of a remedy that I accidentally discovered. I had been troubled, for a year or more, with headache, and at last as an experiment, tried bathing my head with ammonia water, quite strong, about a teaspoonful of ammonia to a quart of water, as hot as I could bear it. In just one week I noticed that my hair, which had been coming out by the "handful," was scarcely falling out at all. Sometimes there would not be more than half a dozen hairs. It has grown in new hair, until now it is nice and thick. My sister, who had had a severe illness, and was becoming nearly bald, tried it, and to-day I received a letter from her saying her hair was coming in thick and growing very fast. If any one tries this, I would like, for curiosity's sake, to hear with what success. And for the "headachey" ones, you will find it an excellent remedy for that trouble.—ALWAYS BUSY.

Recipes.

Blackberry Wine.—Will send mine. It is excellent. Given me by one of the best doctors in the state. One qt. of blackberries—canned ones will do if canned in glass; cook with just enough water to make 2 pts. of juice after being strained through a jelly bag; add 1 lb. of granulated sugar; let it cook until sugar is dissolved; when cold add 1 pt. best whisky; when done will have 3 pts. It is best to seal up in pt. bottles, so as not to open it all at once.—FERN LEAF.

To Cook Fresh Mackerel.—After cleaning the fish, place it in a fish kettle; just cover it with cold water and a gill of vinegar, or with half water and half white wine; season with 3 or 4 sprigs of parsley, 1 of thyme, a bay leaf, 1 clove, 1 onion, ½ a carrot (in slices), 2 cloves of garlic, salt, pepper and perhaps a little tarragon, if the latter is at hand. Set on the fire and boil gently till done. Dish the fish and serve it warm with a caper or anchovy sauce, or with currant jelly.

How to Prepare Cocoanut for Cakes and Puddings.—Cut the meat into pieces, pare away the brown part and grate the rest; spread it on plates, put in a warm oven and leave the doors open. Stir occasionally while drying. When perfectly dry and cold, put in glass fruit cans and keep in a dry place. Cocoanut prepared this way is better and cheaper than the "Dessicated Cocoanut," and will keep fully as well.—N. A. M., Sherborne, N. Y.

Sulphur Mixture for the Blood.—Five teaspoonfuls powdered sulphur to one of cream tartar; mix with molasses; take 1 teaspoonful three successive mornings, then omit three, and so on until it has been taken nine times.

Rich Tea Cakes.—4 eggs, 1 lb. of flour, 1 lb. of sugar, ½ lb of good butter, 1 lb. of raisins, 2 gills of cream, 1 gill of rosewater, 1 nutmeg and ½ teaspoonful of soda.—MINA.

To Cure Corns.—Get a lump of good chalk, beat and pound until it is as fine and soft as flour; then obtain a common tallow candle and mix the chalk and tallow into a fine, smooth salve. This simple, plebian remedy, if faithfully followed, seldom fails. Rub into the corns night and morning, and at any time when you have the opportunity, until they drop or disappear altogether.

Lemon Cake.—2 cupfuls sugar, 2 cupfuls flour, 4 eggs, 8 tablespoonfuls water, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, mixed in flour.—MISS ANNA MARKLE, Blue Ball, Clearfield Co., Pa.

Put a small piece of charcoal in the pot, when boiling cabbage, to prevent it filling the house with the smell.

In icing cake dip the knife in cold water frequently, and it will go on more smoothly.

Seal the juices left from canning fruits in small bottles and keep for making fruit pudding sauces.

An agreeable flavor is sometimes imparted to soup by sticking some cloves into the meat used for making stocks; a few slices of onions fried very brown in butter are nice; also flour browned by simply putting it into a saucepan over the fire and stirring it constantly until it is a dark brown.

When roasting a chicken or small fowl there is danger of the legs browning or becoming too hard to be eaten. To avoid this take strips of cloth, dip them into a little melted lard, or even just rub them over with lard, and wind them around the legs. Remove them in time to allow the legs to brown delicately.

Our Young Folks.

MISTAKES.

Two blue eyes 'neath a big straw hat,
What are the blue eyes looking at?

Two gray eyes, so bright and wee?
What do you think the gray ones see?

Blue eyes see, by the dusty road,
Under a toadstool, one small toad.

Gray ones see, 'neath a parasol,
One little girlie—that is all.

Girlie thinks, "Wish my nurse was here.
His little parasol's ever so queer."

Toadie thinks to himself, "Oh, lawk!
Just see that toadstool; it can walk!"

JACK'S POOR MEMORY.

"I do not know what I shall do to strengthen Jack's memory," said Mrs. French looked up at her son Edward, now at home for two months' rest from business. "His forgetfulness has become alarming."

"What remedies have you tried?" asked Edward.

"Why," began his mother, a trifle nonplused by this direct way of looking at the matter, "I don't know that I have tried any especial remedy. I have talked to him a great deal about it, but, somehow, it makes no lasting impression."

"Oh, talking won't do a boy of his age any good," returned Edward, with an elder-brother air. "Suppose you leave him to me while I am at home," he added, as his mother's face took on a little uncertainty.

"I'm afraid your methods would prove too severe, and I don't believe that would really benefit a boy of Jack's temperament."

"Severe! In what way?"

"Well, elder brothers are sometimes a little unreasonable—at least mine were—fault-finding and impatient, for instance."

"Oh, I'll promise not to find a word of fault. I hate being nagged at myself. I'll merely try the cause-and-effect cure. Do you give me leave?"

Mrs. French hesitated. She was very tender concerning Jack, who was her youngest child, and the only one now living at home, and she was not quite sure of Edward's judgment being well balanced.

"It's a great misfortune for a man to have a poor memory," the son went on, "and it is especially important that a boy who has his own way to make in the world should cultivate a good one. Mine was no better than Jack's when I left home, but I'd match it against any man's of my acquaintance now."

"Yes, your memory is remarkably good now."

"You don't know what a help it is to me, mother, and Jack will find his of equal service. Do you give him over to my charge?"

"You may see what you can do—that is," Mrs. French added, "if I find you are doing him no harm in other ways."

"Well, you are not to interfere with my methods, you know. For instance, when I ask him to do anything, you are not to jog his memory by reminding him. You know it's not your theory, but Jack's that I'm going to take in hand."

"Very well," acquiesced Mrs. French. "You may try your method. I don't know as Jack's memory is much worse than that of other boys," she added, tenderly. "Children have so much going on nowadays."

"You'll work with me?" Edward suddenly asked. "That is, when you give an order, and it slips his mind, you'll attend to that. It won't do for me to come down on him in everything, and suddenly institute a series of payments. For one thing I notice he habitually neglects to bring his school-books home, and you always send Daniel for them. Don't you see that is helping to weaken rather than strengthen his memory?"

"But he must learn his lessons for the next day," answered the short-sighted mother, "and how can he do that without his books?"

"Of course he needs them," laughed Edward. "But would it not prove a better tonic for his weak memory if he were to be sent back himself? He knows that if he neglects to bring them, Daniel is sent for them, and he is thus spared all trouble Now, if he forgets his books, we make him go back for them."

"It is a pretty long walk," replied Mrs. French, extenuatingly.

"To be sure it is, and consequently will prove the better lesson. If he had only to cross the street it would amount to nothing as a remedy. Remember you are to help me in the matter. You will have to pocket all your tender heartedness and think only of the end. I remember when he had the scarlet fever how you had to school yourself when you gave the medicines."

"Yes, indeed, I had, but it was only the fear of what might happen that carried me through."

"Well, my good mother, you must look at it in the same light now. Say 'future good,' and go ahead. Whenever I see you flinching, I'll lay my hand over my heart by way of indicating the strength you need in that particular direction."

And Edward returned to his paper.

"I've just thought how you'll do the thing," presently looked up to say. "I remember your ways of old. "You'll tell Jack you'll give him five cents if he'll go back for his books. That wouldn't be of the least service."

"He may not forget them to-day," Mrs. French said, infinitely hoping he would not. "It will not be fair to come down on him so suddenly," she thought, adding aloud; "I'll give him warning to-day against the future."

"All right," laughed Edward. "Here he comes now."

To his mother's discomfort, Jack came in without his books.

He was a fine-looking lad, and as Edward glanced at his frank, winning face, he scarcely wondered at his mother's partiality for her youngest born.

"Del Shead is waiting to know if I may go around there for dinner this evening. May I, mamma?"

"I've no objection, if your lessons are first learned."

"I'll see to that."

And Jack vanished.

"Now's your time," said Edward. "His coming pleasure will make it easier. I'm going to send Daniel elsewhere, too," he finished.

"I forgot my books," Jack coolly announced at the lunch-table. "May Dan go for them?"

"Dan has other work on hand, so you will have to go back yourself, Jack. And after this, my son, if you forget your books you must return for them."

"But it's an awful long walk," objected Jack. "Can't Dan manage it just to-day?"

"No. If you leave them you must go for them."

"Bother!"

But directly after lunch Jack started for his books, whistling along the walk as merrily as if his errand were of the most congenial nature.

In less than ten minutes he was back.

"I met Ralph Doxtater and he offered to lend me his," he said, his handsome face all aglow with pleasure. Wasn't that lucky?"

And he betook himself to his room for study.

"A homepathic dose," laughed the elder brother.

"The other will come soon enough," replied his mother.

Of course this lesson made no impression upon a boy of Jack's easy going ways, and the next day his books were again forgotten.

"You will have to get them yourself," his mother said, bravely.

"It's some of Ed's work, I know," muttered Jack, as he passed down the steps. "Mamma never thought of such a thing before."

Once again Jack had to return for his forgotten books, and then his memory seemed to have received sufficient nourishment in that channel, for his books were as sure to appear as the boy himself. But in other things he was still careless; and here his brother's assistance came into play.

He gave Jack several lessons in the matter, but the boy's careless nature was not greatly impressed by them.

"I do this for your own good, Jack," his brother explained, one evening, when he rebelled. "And some day I shall give you a still harder lesson. Why, a boy without a memory can never amount to anything."

But all that he could say made but little impression upon the thoughtless, yet good-hearted lad, and every day proved to Edward that the task he had undertaken was difficult indeed.

"Jack, I'd like to have you leave this note at Cousin Will's on your way to school. Don't forget it, for it is very important." And Edward laid a note beside his brother's plate, and seated himself at the table, adding: "On your way to school, remember."

"All right!"

And Jack cast his eyes around to see how many of his favorite dishes graced the table.

"May I be excused, mamma?" he asked, as he finished his breakfast. "I promised Del I'd stop and see his new Irish setter—a regular thoroughbred."

"Yes, Jack."

And his mother cast an admonitory glance at the note lying beside his plate.

But Jack was in too great haste to take silent hints of this kind, and with a pleasant "good-by" he passed into the hall.

"Oh, Mrs. Snead asked me yesterday to tell you that her sister came in the early morning train," he came back to say. "Why, I nearly forgot your note, Ed," he said, as he caught sight of it.

"That would have been bad," said Edward, handing it to him, "for it's very important."

"I'm sorry you did not give me Mrs. Snead's message, Jack," his mother said. "Her sister was to spend only one day, and I promised to call and see her."

"That's too bad!" and Jack looked really sorry. "I wish people wouldn't send such messages by me."

"Is your note really very important?" Mrs. French asked, after Jack had gone. "Because, if so, it would have been better to send Daniel with it."

"Yes, mother; it is very important, so much so that I intend to follow closely in the wake of my young brother to see whether or not he forgets it. I wrote to ask Will if he could secure two good seats for Richard III. If Jack forgets to leave the note; I shall get but one."

"Oh, Edward! that's rather hard on the poor boy. He begged me so earnestly to let him go; but I did not feel that I ought to afford it. He's so anxious to see the fencing."

"Yes, I know he is, and if he remembers to give Will the note, he shall see it."

Alas for Jack that he did not! It was not often their little town afforded such a rare treat, and missing it was serious, indeed.

His brother, knowing the note had been forgotten, made no reference to it until the morning after the play.

"Did Cousin Will give you an answer to the note I sent him?" Edward then asked.

Jack clapped his hand to his side.

"If I didn't forget all about it? You see, I stopped to see Del Shead's dog. I thought about the note in school, and I took it out and put it in my desk, so that I should see it when I took out my books. But it must have got pushed under some paper, and I never thought of it again. I'm awfully sorry, Ed. Is it too late now?"

"I'll leave you to judge of that, Jack. You may read it when you get to school, and if you think it will do any good now, leave it with Will on your way home."

Jack knew from the tone that something of unusual significance was implied, and for once his memory proved active. The moment he reached his desk he seized upon the note. He gave one despairing groan as he read it, then tore it into fragments, throwing the pieces into his desk. His mind was far less upon his school books that morning than upon those bits of paper. And when at recess his companions gave him glowing accounts of the "Battle of Bosworth," he grew nearly frantic. But such heated wrath soon expended itself, and before noon he cooled down and began to view the matter in a new light.

After all, it was his poor memory that had cost him the coveted pleasure. Edward had endeavored to impress the importance of the note upon him, and had also given him many a warning that his hardest lesson was yet to come.

That evening Jack took his brother into his room, and pointed to a paper pinned up on the wall. He had written over it, "A Reminder for my Memory."

"DEAR WILL.—I wish you would secure two good seats for 'Richard III.' Jack is anxious to see the fencing. Get them near the stage, please, where we may have the full benefit. Yours, EDWARD."

"I tore it up

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions answers and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports etc. etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Information Wanted.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THEM.—Will some reader please inform me what is the matter with my turkeys. They are very dumpy for three or four days before they die, and will not eat anything, their crops seem to be full or wind. I have been feeding them light bread and sweet milk. I am now feeding them corn bread, but they do not seem any better. They are about six weeks old. Will some one please tell me of a remedy for them, as they are dying very fast. I would like to have an answer in next week's issue.—MRS. T. J. BOTTS. Ogalalla, Neb.—[A reader of the BLADE says that if young turkeys are seen acting drowsily, a good thing is, put a teaspoonful of whisky in a teacupful of bread and milk and feed it to them. If very far gone pour a little whisky down their throats. Do not use "saloon lightning," but purchase a little of the very purest whisky at a drug store. Do not feed corn bread entirely, but mix corn meal with it, if you have it. Stale bread and sour milk (the latter boiled) is a good feed. See that the coop in which you keep your young turkeys is well ventilated and scrupulously clean. Add to one gallon of water half a pound of sulphurate of iron (copperas). When this is dissolved add half an ounce of sulphuric acid. Mix well and keep in a stone jug or bottle. When settled it is ready for use. Put in the drinking water about half a teacupful for every 25 fowls. The water should be fresh.—ED.]

WANTS TO KNOW.—I want to know if any one can tell what process is used by butter-packers that are buying up all grades of butter to make it saleable butter.—M. J. B.

STRAWBERRY TOMATOES.—Will some one tell where strawberry tomatoes can be procured? When do they mature when fit for use?—M. E. H., Neville, O.

WORMS.—Will some reader of the BLADE please give a remedy for ridding cedar trees of worms without injury to them?—A. H. G. [The best way to destroy these worms is to use Paris green. Thoroughly mix one pound of the poison to every 100 with four gallons of water and sprinkle it on the trees. Be careful to keep the poison out of the way of the stock or poultry. Do not make the solution too strong.—ED.]

STRAWBERRIES.—Will some one tell me how to cultivate strawberries? I have just commenced experimenting in sand fruit and will be thankful for some advice. I set out plants on April 7, and got more than half a crop this spring. I used one tablespoonful to each plant of home manure. It seems to me there is an overflow of runners. I want to save all the plants I can, at the same time I want to get the best results. Now, how many runners should be left to the plant, and how many plants to the runner, and when is the best time to set out, and how much straw should they have to protect them from freezing? [North of New York, many people prefer spring planting, but where fall planting will succeed, it is better. The time to plant is just after the crop is gathered. If the plants are to be immediately replanted, and a portion of the earth removed with them, the work can be done in the fall. When plants are taken up in the spring, the dead leaves should be removed. Where the roots are bared, it is well to clip off one half their length with the shears before planting. It is also well to puddle the roots in such cases. This is done by mixing earth and water together in a tub to the consistency of mud. When the plants are taken up with the plants, of course a hole must been made to receive earth and all. The crown of the plant should never be set below the level of the surface. A cloudy day is the best for planting. As to systems of planting, there are several. The alternate strip system is considered excellent. Strike out rows three feet apart, and set the plants about a foot apart in the row. Let all the runners form and fill the ground. Then go and take up the whole all on the other side are cut off. Thus every alternate step of three feet will be covered with vines, which will give a crop of berries, while the bare strips will serve as an alley for the pickers. After the crop is over, dig up this alley, and the next season allow the runners to cover and thus renew the plants. Mulch the rows as gathered, dig in the old plants, and so on, digging up one side each year. At the time of setting the plants, and at each annual digging, a liberal coating of manure should be dug in. The treatment system of late years has been popular, and consists in planting in beds, three rows in inches apart in each, and paths two feet wide. Hoe the plants, weed faithfully, let the runners grow, and after the bed has produced two crops dig or plow it up and plant in a new place. The annual system is the same, only that the plants are put a little nearer together, cultivated the first season, hear the second, and are then plowed or dug under. For winter protection, straw, hay or leaves to the depth of two inches is sufficient.—ED.]

WINTER OATS.—Will some one please tell me from what part of the United States the old kind of winter oats were introduced into North Carolina and where I can get some seed. There are three kinds of winter oats in North Carolina. The kind I want grows very tall and has a large brown grain. They were introduced into North Carolina about the year 1855.—G. F. STANTON, Level Cross, N. C.

Will the editor or some of the readers of the BLADE please give me some information as to what is the matter with my horses? They took a nasal disease about corn-husking time last fall. I paid no attention at first, but have since become alarmed. There is a thick, gluey discharge from the left nostril, very scant at times, but more at others. There is a kernel under the jaw, near the left side, about the size of a hickory-nut. They have a slight cough at times, and the virus will sink in water. They eat heartily all the time; work every day, and keep in good order considering the hard work. Will some one give me a name and cure for the disease.—W. A. S., Rockport, Mo.

Can you tell me what will keep worms from destroying cabbage?—C. W. LEWIS, Humboldt, Neb.—[Purchase a little Pyrethrum at a drug store. Mix a tablespoonful of the powder in a pail of water and spray the plants. This will be strong enough for the young larvæ, but as they become older the preparation must be stronger.—ED.]

TONGUE LOLLING.—I have a fine young mare which lolls her tongue when the bit is put in her mouth. Will some one of your many readers tell me how to prevent it?—A. B. CHAMPION, Grand Island, Neb.

Answers to Inquiries.

HOW TO MAKE PICKLES.—The rule is for 100 medium-sized cucumbers, and the ingredients are to be increased in proportion, if a larger number is needed: Rinse and scrub lightly with a vegetable brush, and lay them in an earthen crock. Dissolve one pint of coarse salt in boiling water, and cover the pickles with this and let them stand 24 hours. Then pour off the brine, wipe the pickles and put them back into the jar.

Heat to scalding, good vinegar enough to cover (it may take two or three quarts), and add a piece of alum half as large as a thimble, a tablespoonful each of whole cloves and allspice, and a few pieces of stick cinnamon. Pour hot over the cucumbers, and set them away in a cool, dark place. They will be nice in two or three weeks.

If any woman, after trying this rule, chooses to return to a receipt which requires the vinegar to be scalded nine times, etc., I promise to take no offence, but shall be surprised at her love for unnecessary labor!

Another favorite for winter, which makes a pleasing variety, is pickled red cabbage. Wash, trim and cut the cabbage into pieces. Scald good cider vinegar, putting a small teaspoonful of mixed spices in it and a bit of alum. Put the cabbage into the kettle and let it cook a few minutes. A little salt may be added. Keep in an earthen jar, with cover.

All pickles should be made in a porcelain-lined kettle, or (better still), one of the light, durable granite or agate ware which are superseding the old-fashioned ones. A silver or wooden fork or spoon is necessary. Be sure that the vinegar is genuine, as upon that one point the success of the work depends more than any other. Mixed spices may be obtained now at the places where such things are sold, and are very convenient. Be careful not to use too much salt, as that "kills" the vinegar. Horseradish root is said to be excellent to put in the pickle jar to keep the pickles from spoiling. I have never needed it, so cannot speak from experience, but should use it if convenient, believing it would add character and richness to the preparation.—*Country Gentleman.*

Wet Worms.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I notice an account in the BLADE from Parsons Kansas in regard to the ravages of the wet worm. They have appeared here in considerable numbers. Have worked upon the potatoes and corn, but are apparently leaving now. I think it is too far advanced for them to injure. They nearly destroyed five rows of potatos twenty rods long each, but are leaving out again. Corn is just commencing to tassel and from six to seven feet high. Wheat about one half crop. Oats hardly that. Rye rather below medium.—W. H. BEARDSLEY, Pine Vine, Kan.

Snake Root.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In the BLADE of June 18, under the head of "Animal Poisoning," Dr. Townshend's remarks on poisonous weeds in pasture lands leave some of us who are seeking for light, in the fog. Dr. T. asserts that snake root is the poisonous weed which proves fatal to cattle, horses, etc. Referring to authorities at hand, we find: 1. Black snake root (black cohorts, rattle weed, etc.); 2. Virginia snake root (aristolochia serpentaria); 3. Seneca snake root (polyz ala senezæ); 4. Corn snake root (bears grass, rattle snakes, etc.) All four of said snake roots are cited by Dr. Gunn and others as valuable medicinal plants, but not active poisons. Now will Dr T. or some one else tell us what snake root does the evil, so that we may know friend from foe.—P. ALLYN, Dushville, Mich.

An English Authority on Breeds for the Farm.

If eggs be the chief desire, I would recommend the Leghorns, especially the brown and white varieties. They are both very handsome, lay large eggs, are very early, good foragers, very hardy; the chickens are most precious. The French varieties of Creve-Coeurs, Houdans and La Fleche are to be classed amongst layers, and like other varieties are not so early layers as the others in this country, but they are delicious table fowls, and the Houdan is called the French Dorking, and it has five claws like our Dorkings. The Cochins—buff, white, partridge and black—are splendid birds as winter layers, and, as these are hatched early, will furnish fresh eggs from November to February. These are all excellent setters and good mothers, but their heavily feathered feet and legs often crush the early young chickens. The Brahmas—light and dark—are equal in every respect to the Cochins, but will roam over a greater extent, and are, perhaps, on that account to be preferred for farm poultry. All these varieties lay beautiful pink or brown eggs.

Of table fowls foremost stand the Dorkings. They are beautiful birds, and whether the dark-colored, the silver-gray, or the white, they are equally good for the cook. The last named are smaller and rather more delicate than the others, but all lay well, are good mothers, and roam far afield for their living; but they are so difficult to rear, and are so delicate when young that as farmers' fowls, unless they are crossed with game, Brahmas or Cochins, I fear they will be very disappointing. I have often dressed these birds as chickens, weighing eighteen pounds to nineteen pounds per pair at Christmas. I have found the Indian game cross better than any other variety with Dorkings, and if Partridge Cochin hens are mated with a Dorking cock, the progeny are very hardy, good table fowls, and their lovely brown eggs are a real delicacy. Dorkings do not do well with ducks; they require a very elevated spot for their home and are very useful if the locality is suited to them.

Last, though not least, I mention the Plymouth Rocks. No fowl is better fitted for the farmyard, as they are large, very handsome speckled birds, laying beautiful light buff eggs.—C. R. FOWLER *to the London Farmers' Club.*

An English Opinion of the Wyandotte.

The latest invention of American fanciers is the Wyandotte. The success attained by this aspirant for favor is not a little remarkable, and from the specimens we have already seen in this country it is more than probable that they will equal in popularity the Plymouth Rock. It is most surprising, as we noted at the time, that specimens of a new breed, and confessedly a magnificent breed, should win first honors in the Variety class at Crystal Palace show within one year of its introduction into this country. But the Wyandotte has no prejudice to overcome. It is not so nearly allied to any other variety that one can be regarded as a part of the other. It has a distinct type of its own; its plumage is striking, and very pretty, and the whole appearance of the fowl is in its favor. At one time it was called the American golden laced, and this was a very suitable title, for it more nearly resembles the silver Sebright in plumage than any other fowl. But it is larger in size and has a good deal of the Brahma shape (but with a longer neck), and clean yellow legs. The comb is rose, of the Hamburgh shape, but smaller than is seen on that breed. All these combine to make it a handsome fowl.—*Agricultural Gazette.*

Miss Parloa's Strawberry Shortcake.

Half a cupful of butter, a cupful of sugar, 3 cupfuls and a quart of flour, 1 of milk, 3 eggs, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder and the juice of half a lemon. Beat the butter to a cream and gradually beat the sugar into it. Add the lemon juice, the eggs well beaten, and finally the flour, mixed with the baking powder. Bake in pans in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Hull and mash three pints of straberries and mix them with a cupful of sugar. Spread the berries and sugar on two of the cakes and over the fruit spread whipped cream, just before the cake is to go to the table. Put the remaining strawberries and sugar over each. Cover with whipped cream.—*New England Homestead.*

Valuable Discovery.

The whole state will be glad to know that a method of destroying grasshoppers has been found. It is now being used with great success in Fresno country vineyards. The poison is a mixture of middlings, bran, syrup and arsenic. Spread through the vineyards, the hoppers feed on it and die by millions.—*San Francisco Daily Report.*

Treason at Salt Lake.

The national flag hung at half-mast on all the principal buildings at Salt Lake Saturday, as an effort was made by the United States officials to raise the flags, but they were met by a mob of Mormons. The G. A. R. post, celebrating near the city, also demanded that the flag be run up, and for a time things looked serious. Gev. Murray counseled forbearance, and no collision occurred. All who are immediately responsible for this treasonable piece of business disclaim knowing anything about it, but it has leaked out that the order to this insult the nation at large and the government of Utah came direct from the head of the church.

Closed Down.

All the window glass factories in the Pittsburg district have closed down for the summer vacation—that is, until September 1. The season has been an extremely unprofitable one for the manufacturers, the production having been largely in excess of the demand, thus causing a depression of prices and a further addition to the large stocks already on hand. Unless business should show an unexpected improvement during the summer, it is probable that many of the factories will not resume work even on the date fixed for their doing so.

A Texas Waterspout.

A waterspout struck a freight train near Weldon, compelling the engineer, fireman and brakeman to abandon the train and climb trees. The water was eight feet deep and ten feet wide. The locomotive and fourteen cars were raised bodily and carried nearly 300 feet from the track, while the roadbed was completely obliterated. No one was hurt, although trains west have been abandoned. Road beds and a number of bridges have been washed away by recent heavy rains.

The Medicine Was Bad.

The Cheyenne medicine making was concluded at Fort Reno on the night of the 1st, and ended with the death of Bear-Man, a young Cheyenne brave, who was accidentally shot by one of his companion dancers. The grief of the dead man's friends was soothed by the gift of five ponies. It was reported that the medicine was bad, and that a new one has been ordered to begin at once.

Ends the Controversy.

The mayor of Philadelphia has signed the ordinance giving the Baltimore & Ohio railroad the right to enter the city. This ends the long controversy, and the company now has nothing standing in the way of an entrance but the permission to construct a bridge over the Schuylkill.

The Dynamiters.

O'Donovan Rossa is in St. Louis, where he held a secret conference with the Fenian Brotherhood, the purpose of which, it is alleged, is to have been the devising of means to increase the dynamite fund, but nothing definite has transpired.

Mackin Found Guilty.

The jury in the Mackin perjury case at Chicago returned a verdict of guilty. The punishment fixed was five years imprisonment in the penitentiary.

"It Knocks the Spots,"

and everything in the nature of eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers, scrofulous humors and incipient consumption, which is nothing more nor less than scrofula of the lungs, completely out of the system. It stimulates and invigorates the liver, tones up the stomach, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and builds up the weak places of the body. It is a purely vegetable compound, and will do more than is claimed for it. We refer to *Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."*

News of the Week.

BULLDOZING CLEVELAND.

His "Offensive Partisan" Idea Is Not Endorsed by Old Bourbons.

Washington Special to Cincinnati Enquirer.

Princes and Presidents rarely hear the truth. Nearly everybody that comes near them feels that frank utterances would not be very palatable. If a congressman would speak frankly to Mr. Cleveland, and tell him the sentiments of the Democratic masses on the subject of keeping Republicans in office, the President would not be very apt to turn around and say to the congressman: "I know you must be my friend or you would not speak to me so frankly of your disagreements with me." Presidents like best the public men who, in the language of the "Gude Book," prophesy smooth things. It may happen in this way that the first inkling the President will get of his error will be when the fall elections shall have been held and resulted in the loss of Democratic states, besides other states that could easily be won to the Democratic fold by a vigorous Jacksonian policy. The following is a mild comment of a distinguished congressman on the "offensive partisan" idea of the President. Said he:

"There is not a man in an important or lucrative office in the South who has not been put in office because it was known that he was, and would continue to be, the willing instrument in carrying out the most offensive partisanship that was ever practiced by a political party in the United States. How can such men, by a course of half-hearted service to the party that chose them for these purposes, condone the wrong and public evil to which they owe their appointment?

On the subject of calling upon senators to make charges as a basis of removal, he said the following, which might perhaps strike the President as worthy of consideration:

"If senators who are to vote upon questions of removal and appointment are also expected to formulate charges and specifications against the persons to be removed, or if they indulge in such new adventures, they are likely to involve themselves in unseemly controversies. A senator should not be required or expected to become the accuser and prosecutor of an officer to be removed. Such a course would necessarily involve him in personal issues with the individual assailed, and the question in many cases would be whether the senator or the person to be removed was to be sustained as to the questions of fact presented in the case. This situation is not so well calculated to promote the public good as it is to encourage and foster personal controversies, and to draw the senator into a personal vindication of conduct instead of an impartial consideration of duty to the public."

The most remarkable utterances yet ascribed to the President leak out through the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald:* "A congressman had called upon the President. 'That man you've just appointed,' he said, 'is a good Democrat, and has been a faithful worker in the party.' 'All right,' said Mr. Cleveland. 'I have reason to hope that he will be a capable and honest man in the place; but as you are his friend you'd better warn him that if I catch him misusing that place in any way for party purposes, I'll flip him out as quick as lightning—just as quickly as I'll flip out a Republican for doing that. I will not have it. Tell him to remember that.'"

New Order of Things in Boston.

The new city charter of Boston does away almost entirely with the present methods of administering the affairs of the city of Boston, and confers upon Mayor O'Brien greater powers than are now exercised by the chief magistrate of any city in the country. The most important change provided for in the charter is the taking away of all executive powers from both branches of the city council, which hereafter is limited to legislative action only. All the heads of departments are to be appointed by the mayor, subject to confirmation by the board of aldermen. Once a month, or oftener if necessary, the heads of departments are to meet the mayor and discuss the needs of the city and the best course to pursue in certain measures, the final responsibility for carrying out which rests upon the mayor. The only officers to be elected under the charter are city clerk, clerk of committees, and city messenger, each of whom is to be chosen by concurrent vote of the board of aldermen and the common council. All heads of departments and all other officers are to be appointed by, and removable by, the subordinates by the heads of departments. Another important provision in the act gives the mayor the right to veto specific items in the appropriation bills of the city council and the school committee, and approve of those which meet his views. In view of the fact that all of the mayor's time must be devoted to the interests of the city his salary has been increased to $10,000. Mayor O'Brien is the first Irishman and the first Roman Catholic elected Mayor of Boston, and the fact that as the Republican legislature was willing to put such power into his hands for at least six months is a compliment of no mean character. He is a practical man, and one of the proprietors of the *Shipping List.* He was born in Ireland, but came to Boston when an infant.

Mrs. Dudley Acquitted, on the Ground of Insanity.

Mrs. Dudley's lawyers tried their best to get her to forego her determination of becoming a witness. She persisted in her intention, however, and at a word from the prosecuting consel she walked quickly to the witness stand, and was sworn. Then she said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury—I may or I may not be insane; but if it is accurate that my action was for the possession of the almighty dollar, then I have no doubt you will readily decide that I am not insane. I wish you to decide my case by acquitting me, either on the ground that my action was justifiable, or convict me. I was in doubt as to whether Jeremiah O'Donovan, Patrick Ford, or Mezzaroff, were the more responsible. I read O'Donovan's and Ford's papers, and read about Mezgaroff, and then I went to see O'Donovan. We had a talk about the wholesale murder of innocent women and children. He said that the blowing up of buildings was perfectly right. 'What,' said he, 'are the lives of a few women and children, compared with the political issues of Ireland?' He said in reference to a recent explosion that 'we did it,' and he also said: 'I intend to blow up the House of Parliament when it next convenes.' I believe now, however, that he was deliberately lying."

The jury were in consultation only about five minutes, when they rendered their verdict acquitting Mrs. D. on the ground of insanity.

A motion was made to send Mrs. Dudley to the state lunatic asylum, which her counsel opposed. The latter asked that their client be permitted to be returned to her native country, and be placed in an institution there.

The court will listen to arguments on this motion Thursday.

A Georgia Baby Farm.

The discovery of a baby farm has created intense excitement in Atlanta. The death of twelve out of thirteen unfortunate victims renders the story appalling. For some time it has been noticed that Mr. and Mrs. Errick, a childless couple, have had many visitors who quietly disappeared. The death of the twelfth victim was seized upon by the police as a proper occasion to investigate the stories current. The woman was at first reluctant to talk, but finally acknowledged the nature of her business. She declared that George H. Eidleman, a well known real estate agent, was the man with whom she dealt in regard to the dead child, and that Mrs. Cuttler, a well known Ellis street lady, frequently came to see her.

A great many stories have been told about the place. It is asserted by people living around that children have been cared for by the Erricks, whose parents were extremely rich. It is said that some of the wardrobes were particularly rich and fine; soaps and perfumeries—everything that money could buy—were given by the parents. The Erricks are quiet, and nothing could be pulled out of them. The only child they have succeeded in raising is now with them. She is decidedly beautiful and is about 7 years old. The officers tried to find its parentage, but Mrs. Errick would tell nothing, except to say that her mother was wealthy and pretty, and only a year or two ago married well. She calls regularly to see the child.

Something New—A Miserly Printer.

Surrogate Rollins, of New York, has confirmed the report of Referee Soule in relation to the disposition of the estate left by John Russell, the old miser printer, who died some two years ago leaving $40,000 on deposit in various savings banks. His effects were taken in charge by the public administrator and at once Russells of high and low degree sprang up, claiming to be the old man's heirs. Many hearings have taken place before Mr. Soule, who was appointed to take testimony and report, and after a most exhaustive examination he finally decided that the parties in England, represented by the Rev. P. Jarmore, claiming to be the brothers and sisters of the dead man, were the next of kin and entitled to the estate. This decision completely puts to rout Mrs. Hattie Russell, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who claimed to be the old miser's daughter, and whose peculiar personal history was extensively investigated and published. Referee Soule always refers to her as the woman who housekeeped for people.

OHIO PROHIBITIONISTS.

Their State Convention at Springfield—Permanent Organization, Nominations, Etc.

The Ohio Prohibition State convention met Wednesday afternoon in the wigwam at Springfield, with a fair attendance, many ladies being present. Jay Odell, chairman of the state Executive committee, called the body to order, and in a short address introduced Rev. A. B. Leonard, D.D., temporary chairman, who spoke at length. Mrs. Mary Woodbridge was appointed temporary secretary; Mrs. E. B. Lewis, assistant secretary. Committees were appointed, and, after hearing a number of addresses, the convention adjourned till to-day.

The convention reassembled at 10 a. m. The following named persons were elected as permanent officers: President, B. S. Higley, of Mahoning; secretary, Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge, of Portage; first assistant secretary, —— Payne, of Franklin; second assistant, Erastus D. Lewis, of Trumbull. The president addressed the convention at length.

Rev. M. Dustin nominated for governor Rev. A. B. Leonard, D. D., of Springfield, following with an address. Rev. H. A. Thompson, of Oberlin, seconded the nomination, and Dr. Leonard was nominated by acclamation. A committee was appointed to inform him of the fact, and to escort him to the wigwam. On his arrival he was presented to the convention, was greeted with applause, and proceeded to deliver an address of acceptance.

After the address of Dr. Leonard accepting the nomination for governor, the ticket was completed as follows:

Lieutenant Governor—Prof. W. G. Frost, of Lorain county.

Supreme Judge—Gideon Stewart, of Huron county.

Treasurer—John H. Danner, of Stark county.

Attorney General—A. T. Cleuinger, of Clinton county.

Board of Public Works—J. S. Neville, of Hardin county.

The platform demands a prohibition amendment and opposes a license tax or regulation of the liquor traffic. It says friends of prohibition should not be controlled by either of the old parties, because both have shown themselves subservient to the liquor interest. It declares that the rum power must be vanquished by a new party devoted expressly to that purpose. It describes the two wings of the great liquor party, one as advocating a license and the other the taxation and regulation of the liquor traffic, leaving no loyal citizen any alternative except to join the Prohibition party. It favors moral suasion as a means of reform; favors civil service reform; full protection to the ballot; wants divorce based on Divine law; expresses sympathy for the negro race; opposes violent changes in the tariff; endorses the voters' union memorial; favors civil Sabbath and recognizes civil government as ordained by God. A resolution of sympathy with Gen. Grant was adopted, and the convention adjourned.

A ratification meeting at night in the wigwam was addressed by St. John, Dr. Leonard, and Mrs. A. G. Lord, of Georgia.

Colorado Settlers Call on the Governor for Protection.

Gov. Eaton, of Colorado, has received the following telegram from W. T. Morris, a ranchman living near Durango.

"The settlements on Mancos and Dolores are threatened by the Ute Indians, and the people are very much alarmed. Some of them are moving their families out for greater safety, and others who are unable to move are sleeping out in the sage brush, for fear their houses will be burned and their families massacred. The citizens are not sufficiently armed, neither have they ammunition. Yesterday a detail guarding horses saw an Indian scout within two miles of the valley. The people have no confidence in the United States military, and demand state protection, arms and ammunition. I was instructed by the citizens of Mancos to make this demand."

Some days ago Gov. Eatonsent Inspector General Reardon and Adjutant General Taylor to the scene of the trouble to investigate and report. The Governor has received the following telegrams:

"I think you ought to send by to-morrow's express to Durango 200 45-calibre rifles, also ammunition. Have just got in from Rico, where they have 3,000 rounds of ammunition and 40 rifles, and are ready to start without delay if called.

"There is every indication of a war. I think the city company ought to be directed to hold itself ready for orders. The Rico company will have to come mounted. I have seen the sent. He is afraid of trouble. Quick, decided action may save the state a large expense and many lives.

"Signal fires are reported on the mountains on Dolores and Manco, and the bucks are alone, and mounted with spare animals and are off their reservation.

"F. W. REARDON, Inspector Gen."

"Just arrived at midnight. Find trouble may occur at any moment. Telegraph immediately to the President. Will write you in the morning.

"A. TAYLOR, Adjt. Gen."

The governor says he will make further inquiries before telegraphing the President.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE TROUBLE.

Adjt.-Gen. Drum has received a report from Gen. Augur, dated Fort Leavenworth, Kan., in regard to the reported outbreak of the Ute Indians in Colorado. Gen. Augur says that Carlisle, from whom most of the sensational telegrams about the Indians emanate, is the agent of an English cattle syndicate, not one of whom, he is informed, is an American citizen, or intends to be. He is also informed that the syndicate does not own the land upon which its cattle range, and that it is public land.

Gen. Augur encloses extracts from the *Rocky Mountain News,* of Denver, which say the stories of the Ute trouble, if not entirely without foundation, are grossly exaggerated. Possibly there has been some trouble, the general thinks, but there is every reason to believe it has been brought on by the cow boys, who have been spoiling for a fight for some time, and probably resolved to shoot all Indians found away from their reservation. The report that whites and Indians have been killed lacks confirmation.

A National Bank Engaged in a Manufacturing Business.

A petition was filed in the U. S. court at Indianapolis, asking for a receiver for the busines of Haynes, Spencer & Co., manufacturers of church and school furniture. William F. Spencer, secretary and treasurer of the firm, has been appointed, subject to the approval of the comptroller of the currency at Washington, to take charge and not only liquidate but carry out all existing contracts, manufacture stock, and carry out the business upon the same plan heretofore pursued by the company.

This is a result of the failure of the Richmond national bank. C. H. Coffin, cashier of the institution, was a stockholder in the manufacturing company to the amount of $25,000; when the bank failed it was found that it had been virtually carrying Haynes, Spencer & Co. in their business, and that they owed the bank $100,000. The first payment of which is due in October, which accounts for the present action. The total of the firm's indebtedness is $180,000; their assets are given at $250,000.

Horrible Death.

At Walsh's distillery, Lawrenceburg, Ky., Peter Homer, an employe about the yards, was engaged in loading some Texas steers, when one of them, excited by the hallooing, on getting a sniff of the sour mash shook his head viciously, bowed it suddenly to the ground, and rushing upon Peter run one of his horns clear through him before the unfortunate man could get out of its way. The steer then ran a distance of some fifty or sixty feet, bearing the impaled man on his horn, and at every lunge the blood of Homer trickled down the head of the brute and dropped along the ground. The smell of blood only enraged the beast the more, and shaking the suffering victim as it hurried along it was finally with difficulty stopped. The horn of the steer penetrated the right side, passed clear through one of Homer's lungs and came out his back. The air entered this cavity, and the poor man died in a few hours.

The Telephone in Indiana.

The telephone war at Indianapolis is growing hot. The last legislature passed a law placing the rental of instruments at $3 per month. The telephone company recently sent out circulars to subscribers proposing to charge $3 per month for instrument and $2 additional for wires, exchange services, etc., making the rate the same as heretofore paid, viz: $5. A meeting of subscribers was held Wednesday, which decided to appoint a committee to manage their interests and insist on the legal rate, $3. A representative of the telephone company made a proposition to continue the service at the old rate for three months and agreeing to refund the extra $2 a month in case courts should so order. The meeting took no action on the proposition, and at present there is little prospect of a compromise.

Lowell's Generosity.

Mr. James Russell Lowell has just presented to the library of Harvard College a collection of books, numbering 688 volumes, picked up by him in the past eight years abroad. In the collection are some English and Italian works, but most of the books are Spanish. There are some of the greatest rarity and value, and none of them are commonplace.

SOME WAR HISTORY.

In Which the New Orleans Mint Figures Quite Prominently.

A New Orleans paper publishes a statement that over $1,000,000 have been coined at the New Orleans mint, of which there is no official record. The coinage act of 1873 made it the duty of the director of the mint to have a general supervision of all United States mints and assay offices. The first director, acting under that law, was the Hon. H. R. Linderman, and in his report on the subje t he gives statistics of the coinage in the several mints, showing total amounts and the denominations of money made at each place for each year of their existence. The New Orleans mint was opened for business in 1838; subsequently money of every denomination was made there. The director's statement is brought down to January 1, 1861, up to which time there had been a total coinage of $40,148,740 in gold and $29,764,353 in silver, making the grand total at the New Orleans mint from its beginning in 1838 to January 31, 1861, in both silver and gold of $69,913,093.

The date at which the director's report closes was the date at which the mint fell into the hands of the Confederates, Louisiana having seceded from the Union by ordinance adopted in the state convention, Jan. 26, 1861, and the 29th of the same month all the federal offices in the state, including the mint, were directed by an ordinance passed that day to be transferred to the custody of the state of Louisiana, and the 5th of March following they were ordered to be transferred to the care of the Confederate states.

Documents lately brought to light, it is stated, show that subsequent to the mint going in the hands of the Louisianans and the Confederates, and up to May 30 of the same year, there were coined $254,000 in gold double eagles and $1,101,216.50 in silver half-dollars, thus making a total coinage of $1,355,216.50 while the mint was in the enemy's hands. What was done with this money does not appear from available records, but the facts of the coinage as stated is shown on the books of the coiner at that time, and in order to make up the true amount of the actual coinage of the New Orleans mint this must be taken into account. There was no regular coinage of the precious metals into Confederate specie under Confederate auspices, although the New Orleans mint remained in their control until April 26, 1862, when the city was taken by the Federal forces.

The Strike at Newburgh.

Notices of a general reduction were posted in the iron mills at Newburgh, signed by General Manager Chisholm, of the Cleveland Rolling Mill company. The notice stated that the reduction would go into effect Wednesday. During Tuesday night the men expressed much indignation, and after a consultation the Booth mill employes gave notice at 4 o'clock that unless the reduction was declared void, they would strike. No arrangements could be made at that early hour, and after working the last "changes" all the men left the mill.

An approximate statement of the number of men out on the strike and the wages they received is as follows: Rail mill, 70 men, $1.20 to $2.50 per day; two rod mills, 50 men, $1.40 to $3 per day; guide mill, 14 men, $1 to $2.75 per day; puddle mill, 26 men, $1.40 to $3.50 per day; hoop mill, 30 men, $1.75 to $3 per day; Bessemer Steel company, 150 men.

It is predicted that 1,500 men in the wire mills will quit to-day. None of the men who struck in 1882 are employed at Newburgh now, and no labor organization of any kind exists. This is the third cut made within a year. The first was 17 per cent., the second 20 per cent., and this one 10 per cent.

LATER.—The men employed in the wire department of the Cleveland rolling mills joined the other strikers this morning, and there are now 1,800 idle men in Newburgh. The officers of the mills have telephoned for police protection, but no violence is feared.

The excitement of the day began when a large body of men forced down the gates leading to the mills. The engineer of the brick rod mill was forced to bank his fires and all the employes were induced to quit. The engineer of the blooming and rail mills refused at first to quit the machinery, but gave in eventually, and all the men in those mills joined the strikers. No violence was threatened any one. In the afternoon the strikers held a meeting, and speeches were made in Bohemian, Polish, German and English. Both sides are determined.

Twelve hundred striking iron workers marched into Cleveland yesterday, and drew up at the general offices of the Cleveland rolling mill company. Several men spoke to the officials of the company, in Polish and English, demanding a return to the old wages and a semi-monthly pay-day. W. B. Chisholm, manager of the idle mills, replied, and said that the wages decided on to be paid July 1, would be adhered to as long as business was in its present depressed condition; that a settlement in full for wages due every two weeks was not possible. "Our policy," said he, "not to pay money before regular pay days will continue as heretofore. Our managers at the works are instructed to employ only such men as are best fitted for the successful operation of the works."

The last sentence was called out by a demand of the strikers to the effect that if they returned to work none of their leaders should be discharged.

More Mormons.

The steamship Wisconsin, which arrived in New York from Liverpool Thursday, had among her passengers 541 Swedish and Danish converts to Mormonism. These people were in the care of Elder J. Hansen, president of the emigration company. All ages were represented, from gray haired grandfathers and grandmothers to little grandchildren. Fifteen missionaries were with the flock.

This is the largest company of Mormon emigrants that has arrived in the United States since last summer, and it is stated that it will be soon followed by another equally as large. Nearly all of the people will settle in the rural districts of Utah.

Some will stop in Salt Lake City, and a very few will go to Mexico. It should be remembered that Mexico has not yet become a populous country for the Mormons. There has been something of a revival in Mormon missionary work in Europe, and it may be expected that the tide of emigration to this country will be increased during the next few years.

Failures for the First Six Months in 1885.

The mercantile failures for the six months of 1885, as reported by R. G. Dun & Co., are 6,004, as against 5,510 for the first six months of 1884, an increase of 494. In liabilities, however, there is a marked diminution. The amount being for the first half of 1885 $74,000,000, as against $124,000,000 in the first six months of 1884. In the circular announcing these statistics, the fact is dwelt upon that an increase in failures of less than 500 among the number of traders reported by this agency, now over one million, is not surprising, while their diminishing importance, as shown by the low aggregate and average of the liabilities, is commented upon as indicating a more favorable condition of things than existed at this time last year.

The business failures during the last seven days number for the United States 183, and for Canada 21, as against 205 last week and 226 the week previous to the last. The failures are below the average in every section of the country, except the Pacific coast states, where a large increase in assignments is noted.

A Suit for $450,000 Under the Illinois Gambling Law.

A suit for $450,000 has been entered in the Superior court against the Chicago board of trade firm of John T. Lester & Co., by Samuel Berkowitz, under the provisions of the gambling law. Berkowitz's declaration states that one Edwin Pardridge, between January 1, 1883, and February 8, 1884, lost to the defendants $150,000 by making bets and wagers upon grain and stocks, thereby gambling under the statute. The act provides that when the losing party does not sue within six months to recover the amount lost any other party may bring suit to recover three times the amount, and retain one-half of the sum collected for his own use, the balance to go to the county. Berkowitz now hopes to recover a snug sum for himself, and also benefit his fellow-citizens as well, if he recovers the $450,000 sued for.

Kidnaped by Gypsies.

A boy 12 years of age, who came to Richmond, Ind., a few days ago with a lot of gypsies, is now with a farmer named Samuel Johnson, and claims he has just embraced the first opportunity to get away from the gypsies since being kidnaped by them, two years ago. He says his name is Samuel Graham, and that after his father's death his mother married one James Griffin, at Evansville, Ind. His story is credited, and his mother has been written to.

News from the Gallia.

The steamship East Anglia, which arrived in New York to-day from the Mediterranean, reports that on June 27 she spoke and took letters from the steamer Gallia, disabled, having broken her third section shaft on the 23d. The Gallia was in tow of the steamship River Avon, bound for Seville. All were quite well and happy on board, and expected to have repairs completed by the 28th, and proceed without assistance.

THE SOLDIER BOYS.

Lots of Fun, but Very Little Money—One of the "Boys" Arrested.

There was an admission fee to the National encampment Thursday, and only 2,500 people paid to see two companies of artillery and four companies of infantry contest for the prizes. In the morning the the Washington artillery of New Orleans and the Richmond Howitzer gave an exhibition, which proved particularly interesting. The men showed great proficiency. At 2 o'clock the infantry companies began their contest. The Lomax rifles, of Mobile, was the first organization to occupy the field. They made a highly creditable display. The Houston light guards, of Texas, with 42 men, came next, and carried off plenty of honors, as did also the Branch guards of St. Louis, and Wooster City guards, attached to the 8th Ohio regiment. Many prominent local military men were present, and they all declared that they had never before witnessed such excellent drilling. Each company was allowed 45 minutes. The Busch Zouaves gave an exhibition drill.

While some of the soldiers were enjoying themselves Wednesday night with the sport of tossing in a blanket, a woman came along and took part in the sport, and was tossed in her turn in a rough and tumble fashion. Thursday morning she came to camp with a constable, and after going about a while picked out Capt. Curtis, of the Indianapolis artillery, as one of the men who tried to toss her. It was evidently a case of mistaken identity, and Capt. Curtis drew his sword and refused to be arrested. Trouble seemed imminent for a time, but it finally blew over, and Capt. Curtis submitted to arrest, and was held for assault with intent to kill.

MRS. DUDLEY'S CASE.

Another Female Crank Puts in an Appearance—Mrs. D. Sent to the Asylum.

The case of Mrs. Lucille Yseulte Dudley, who was acquitted on the ground of insanity of felonious assault in shooting Rossa, was up in court again to-day. Before the proce

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Great Britain.

ENGLAND'S POLICY.

Lord Arthur William Hill, member of parliament for Down, Ireland, and comptroller, in an election speech at Down, is the first member of the present government who has yet given any intimation regarding the policy of the government in relation to Irish affairs. His lordship referred to the recently proposed bill for the renewal of the crimes act, and said such measures were, in his opinion, needless, as the ordinary laws were sufficiently ample for the government of Ireland. Continuing, Lord Arthur said the present land act was a failure, and that he would support the land purchase bill, which the Liberal government had proposed.

A LADY POLITICIAN.

Lady Churchill, who is the daughter of Mr. Leonard Jerome, of New York, is personally engaging in the Woodstock canvass, to secure the re-election to parliament of her husband, Lord Randolph Churchill, the new secretary of state for India. The Liberals are very active in their efforts to accomplish the defeat of Lord Randolph, and to secure the election of Mr. Corrie Grant. The return of Lord Randolph Churchill for Woodstock at the present election is considered a very doubtful matter.

GEN. WOLSELEY.

Gen. Wolseley and staff have startled from Cairo for England.

IRISH POLITICS.

United Ireland speaks with contempt of the local government scheme of Ireland, which has been proposed by M. Chamberlain, the minister of commerce, in the cabinet of Mr. Gladstone. "Only a sovereign assembly," it says, "will satisfy Ireland. Messrs. Chamberlain and Dilke are coming here to find an excuse to cheat Ireland of her rights, and to obtain some advantage of England.

The National League has instructed the Irish people to be wakeful, and to vote for the election to parliament of the Conservative candidates.

An Irish national league meeting was held in Liverpool. Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor, M. P. for Galway, presided. A resolution was adopted requesting Mr. Justin McCarthy, at present member of parliament for Longford county, Ireland, to stand for Liverpool at the next meeting. It was also resolved to hold aloof from all English parties.

TRADE DEPRESSION.

The Marquis of Salisbury, prime minister, replying to a letter which he received from the unemployed workmen of Woolwich, Langston, says the cabinet is considering the whole question of trade depression.

REFUSED TO WEAR MOURNING.

M. Waddington, French ambassador at London, and his wife have both refused to appear in mourning at the court ball, as prescribed by the queen, because of the death of Prince Frederick Charles, of Germany. M. Waddington's refusal was officially declared in a courteous note sent to her majesty. In this the French ambassador expressed to the queen his personal regret at being unable to comply with the royal demand, but said he could not disobey the orders of his government to not wear mourning at the death of any enemy of France.

GEN. GORDON.

The Gordon Memorial committee, the lord mayor of London presiding, approved the resolution of the Prince of Wales in favor of establishing a home for training poor boys for military and civil life. The Gordon memorial fund now amounts to £18,638.

FINANCIAL.

The London *Standard*, in an editorial, says that Mr. Childer's budget proposals, as far as they have been made known to parliament, will be left undisturbed, but that provision for the remainder of the deficit depends upon the attitude of the Liberals.

The *Daily Telegraph* says that the Rothschilds will make further advances pending the settlement of the Egyptian financial question.

A CATHOLIC PROTEST.

The Catholic bishops of Ireland, in session in Maynooth college, have protested against the exclusion of the Catholics from the educational endowments unless they accept the government system of education, which has been condemned by the church. The bishops call upon the members of parliament from Ireland to seek to have this grievance removed.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

Lord Salisbury, in an interview with Baron DeStaal, offered to resume the Afghan frontier negotiations at the point where they were closed by Earl Granville, on the condition that the convention include a Russian engagement to hold the frontier as a permanent limit. A commission from the foreign office will meet a Russian commission to settle the remaining details.

FED ON PROMISES.

The workmen of Wolverhampton, in their letter to the prime minister, complained that they were in a starving condition. In his reply, Lord Salisbury expresses grief at the poverty and sufferings of the working classes, and promises that the new government will carefully consider the whole question of the prevalent depression of trade throughout Great Britain, and take such measures for relief as shall be found most advisable.

AN INFAMOUS TRADE.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* devotes five pages of its space to showing that the trade in young girls for immoral purposes has increased alarmingly of late years. It claims that the ground on this traffic is due to the worthlessness of the law in relation to the matter. The names of several wealthy men, holding prominent positions in London society, are mentioned in connection with the business. The *Gazette* states that it still has the details of a large number of cases which have been omitted owing to a lack of space, but that they will be given to the public in the course of a few days.

The articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* have created a wonderful sensation in London. An editorial entitled "We Bid You Be of Hope," says: "If chivalry is extinct and Christianity effete, there is still another enthusiasm to which we may with confidence appeal, namely, the combined forces of Democracy and Socialism."

A correspondent had a long interview with Mr. Stead, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. His investigations began months ago. All were conducted by members of his staff, with one exception. The total expense was over £300. He said: "I have oscillated for months between Bishops and Brothers. The tale he tells is far too horrible to repeat. All has been done with absolute sincerity, with a worthy aim, and to the knowledge of persons whose names are world wide. "I recognize fully all the harm I shall do," said Mr. Stead," "but the certain good will be immeasurably greater. We shall pass the bill, but after what I have gone through, none of us will ever be the same men again."

Mr. Stead gives his personal word as a voucher of the absolute accuracy of the whole revelations. "The case," said he, "is much understated." After receiving assurance that the information will not be made use of for criminal proceedings, he is prepared to give the names, dates and proofs to either the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Manning, Earl Shaftesbury, Samuel Morley, M. P., Earl Dalhousie or Howard Vincent, as representing the English church, the Catholics, the philanthropists and the non conformists.

Mr. Stead says: "I will go to prison many times if subpœnaed, before publishing the names of people who have given us its details. I am an investigator, not an informer, but all the same I have my hand on a veritable modern Minotaur who lives in Piccadilly."

The articles are classified into: 1, sale, purchase and violation of children; 2, procuration of virgins; 3, entrapping and ruin of women; 4, international slave trade in girls; 5, atrocities and brutalities. "The significant thing is," said Mr. Stead, "that there has not been the slightest interference by the police in all the crimes which we pretended to want to commit. The only time they stopped us was when we tried to rescue one of the victims."

The *St. James Gazette* stigmatizes the articles as the vilest obscenity ever issued from a public press or seen in a public print, the book-stalls controlled by the firm, of which the Right Hon. Wm. Henry Smith, secretary of war, is the head, refuse to sell either yesterday's or to-day's issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, on account of the indecency of these articles. The street sales of the papers containing the story, however, have been enormous, and copies of both day's editions command a premium. The matter will be brought up in the House of Bommons this evening.

BRADLAUGH AGAIN.

When parliament reassembled Monday, Bradlaugh advanced to the table for the purpose of taking the oath. Sir Micheal Hicks Beach moved that Mr. Bradlaugh be refused permission to swear, and that the sergeant-at-arms be directed to exclude him from the precincts of the house, unless he engaged not to disturb the proceedings of the house.

After the debate, participated in by Gladstone, who opposed the motion, it was adopted—263 to 219. After the vote had been taken, Mr. Bradlaugh readvanced to the table and said he would obey the speaker's order and withdraw. He appealed to the various constituencies against the injustice done him, bowed, and withdrew from the house.

POLICY OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

In the House of Lords, the Marquis of Salisbury made a statement to the effect that he would continue the policy adopted by Gladstone in regard to the negotiations with Russia for the settlement of the frontier of Afghanistan. The Marquis, in moving the adjournment of the House, said it would be inconvenient to explain the condition of one or two important questions which greatly affected foreign affairs and the position of England. The matter of the gravest importance, he said, was the recent negotiations with Russia in regard to the frontier of Afghanistan. The business of the government was not now to consider or comment upon the past. It was their business to take up the policy of their predecessors, and to conduct it to an issue consistent with the public interest. But it was not their business to enter into any controversy regarding that policy. It must be observed, he said, that there were very clear restrictions upon the action of the present government arising from the fact that they had assumed office at a time when certain matters were drawing near an end, the result being that many pledges were given, and the first duty of any government was to see that pledges which an English government had given should be observed. Continuing, he said, that as far as he had an opportunity of judging, the negotiations between Russia and England had been conducted with an earnest desire to arrive at an adequate settlement, but he was bound to say that the negotiations had not gone far enough to enable him to speak positively. He must ask their lordships not to attach too much importance to these negotiations as final and irrevocable, even when concluded, as the whole condition of affairs in Central Asia was very unsatisfactory and uncertain. We hope, he said, to arrive at an amicable settlement of the differences in regard to the Zulfikar Pass, which England had promised the Ameer would be included in Afghanistan. What had been promised must be kept. Whatever settlement might be arrived at, it was our duty to skillfully devise and vigorously carry out measures for the defense of the Indian frontier. Furthermore, we should stretch out beyond, so that when the tide of war comes it will not come near our defenses. These preparations must be promptly and energetically made, and I trust that this policy will never be abandoned.

In concluding his speech, Lord Salisbury said the present difficulty in Egypt is perhaps one of the most complicated problems that ever has been submitted to a government. The difficulties are many. Those difficulties now form the subject of negotiations. It is, perhaps, rather too early to express an opinion as to the issue before deciding upon any remedy. The government must take counsel of those best qualified, by experience, to guide them. Their policy should be steady and without oscillation on the most momentous issues. When the defense of the frontier of Egypt by the Egyptians, assisted no doubt in some measure by ourselves, against the tide of fanaticism and barbarianism, it is necessary to establish such a state of things that after we have withdrawn our protecting hand Egypt shall be safe. All of these questions must be settled. One principle must guide us, and that "to so weigh our steps that once taken we must not retract them." The military difficulty is a large one. The political difficulty is a greater one. Still the question was whether the provinces in the Soudan, which have lately been practically under the control of Egypt, should be abandoned to their fate. The most important of all Egyptian questions, however, said Lord Salisbury, was the financial question, which was as yet unsettled. Until this question was settled nothing could be done. There was no alternative between taking a steady, cautious and circumspect policy, and taking a course which would cover England with shame; namely, to leave Egypt to her fate.

The Marquis then referred to the domestic policy of the government. He said it was intended to avoid continuous legislation, and to promote only such measures as were necessary. These would include, perhaps, the secretary for Scotland bill. He would wind up the session at the earliest date possible, and expressed the hope that the general elections would be held on November 17.

France.

GERMAN SPIES.

A German and a Belgian have been arrested while making sketches of the military posts and fortifications of Lille. They are suspected to be German spies.

FRENCH SOCIALISTS.

The French Socialists have issued their platform of principles for the coming electoral campaign. It demands—1st, the abolition of the presidency; 2d, the abolition of the senate; 3d, bestowal upon the assembly of the power to dismiss ministers of state; 4th, the settlement of all questions of war and of constitutional revision by popular vote; 5th, the abolition in the number of public officers and of officials' salaries; 6th, the confiscation of church property; 7th, the separation of church and state; 8th, the legal equality of the illegitimate and legitimate children; 9th, the gradual abolition of standing armies; 10th, the free education of children at the public expense, and the free feeding of children in the public expense in all cases where they are not otherwise properly provided for; 11th, political amnesty; 12th, abolition of octroi duties; 13th, the establishment of a progressive income tax; 14th, the abolition of collateral inheritance; 15th, the gradual abolition of the public debt; 16th, a reduction in the hours of labor; 17th, prohibition of the employment of children under 14 years of age; 18th, a reorganization of the bank of France; 19th, prison reform; 20th, the maintenance of disabled workmen at the public expense.

ANNAMITES SLAUGHTERED.

In the French Chamber of Deputies Monday, M. Defrevenel read the following dispatches from Gen. Courcy, dated Hue, July 5:

"The French legation and Hongea were suddenly attacked at 1 this morning by the whole Annamite garrison. The entire quarters of the warriors and infantry, consisting of straw huts posted around the legation, were set on fire by incendiary missiles and others by hand, but the embassy itself was untouched. No serious losses occurred.

"It is impossible to know what happened at Hongea, where the Third Zouaves are quartered. The citadel is on fire at several points. A hot artillery and infantry fire is being kept up. I am certain, from the direction of the firing, that the enemy have been repulsed. I have been able to save the telegraph but, and have sent orders to Hoeapong to have the troops encamped there before there. I feel no uneasiness.

"The citadel is in our possession with 1,000 cannon. The troops behaved splendidly, and I have full confidence in them. Our losses were considerable.

"The Annamite attack commenced at one o'clock this morning simultaneously against the part of the citadel occupied by us and the legation. The assailants numbered 30,000. They burned the straw huts with rockets. The soldiers' effects were burned, but the ammunition and provisions were saved. The legation was riddled with shot. I am making all the necessary dispositions for repulsing another attack which may be expected to-night. At any rate for the legation you need not have any uneasiness.

"We remain in possession of the citadel. After the shameful attack by the Annamite troops, our troops awoke and found their quarters afire and themselves being bombarded. They held their ground until daybreak, when they advanced and routed the enemy. From 1,200 to 1,600 Annamite corpses cover the ground. Our losses are 60 killed and wounded."

TREATY RATIFIED.

The French chamber of deputies has ratified the Chinese treaty by a large majority.

Russia.

NOW FOR WAR.

Russian advices from Vladistock say that a Russian steamship which attempted to enter Port Hamilton was intercepted and forbidden to enter by an English man-of-war. The English are said to be fortifying the port.

TROUBLE FOR CHINA.

A dispatch from Blagouescbensk, a town of Russian-Asia, and capital of the Amoor government, says that fresh trouble has occurred on the Chinese frontier. According to the dispatch, it seems that the Chinese government sent a detachment of soldiers to protect the Aigun gold fields from invasion by unauthorized parties. The troops were instructed to behead all persons found engaged in mining operations and not having the necessary permit. The Russian government prohibits subjects from mining in the Aigun gold fields.

Austria.

FIRES, STORMS AND FLOODS.

Terrible reports of devastation by storm and flood continue to be received from many parts of Austria and Hungary. The town of Borodeyaska has been almost destroyed by a conflagration caused by lightning. Many houses were set on fire simultaneously, and 600 buildings were consumed. Many persons were burned to death, and over 5,000 persons are homeless.

The town of Zechovitz, in Bohemia, has been partly destroyed by a flood. At Visnia in Galicia, eight persons have been killed by lightning, and thousands of trees have been blasted and uprooted.

In Hungary the corn crop on thousands of acres has been ruined. At Csoka, a church filled with worshippers was struck by lightning; two of the congregation were killed and 32 injured.

Afghanistan.

THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

Advices from St. Petersburg say the Russians in front of Murghab state that the Afghans are massing troops on the frontier. The Russians are of opinion that the ameer intends to avenge the Pendjeh defeat. The Sariks are also excited by the Afghan movements which seem to end in Russian interference should the Afghans again go to the length of justifying the Russians in taking notice of their insolent challenge.

The Cholera.

Cholera returns for Friday and Saturday indicate a frightful state of affairs. The total number of new cases in all Spain these two days was 3,155, with a total of 1,584 deaths.

The total number of new cases of cholera reported Monday from all points in Spain is 1694, and the total number of deaths 812.

Canada.

DISTILLERS' MONOPOLY.

The government's bill to amend the consolidated revenue act which prohibits distillers from selling their produce until two years after its manufacture, has been passed through the committee, and reported to the House at Ottawa. The bill practically gives the present distillers a monopoly of the whisky trade, as it would require a capital of nearly $1,000,000 to establish a new distillery.

CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Canadian parliament having imposed customs duties upon Newfoundland fish oils, the latter country retaliated by placing prohibitory import duties on Canadian food products. There will be trouble and great hardship unless a compromise can be effected.

RIEL'S STORY.

A letter has been received by Dr. Fiset, of Quebec, from Louis Riel. After speaking of his ready surrender, his chance to escape if he wished to do so, and the pacific effect his surrender had in bringing the rebellion to a close, Riel says that it should have some weight in securing him his trial before the Supreme court, and in Lower Canada, for it is there alone that he can procure all his witnesses. He says he was in the United States laboring to create a future for himself, when he was invited among the half-breeds to assist them in petitioning the government, and he worked peacefully until the time when arms were taken up. He says also that he never dreamed of war, but by intrigue and forged letters a complication of affairs was brought about by interested dealers. He decided to return to the United States, but the people wouldn't listen to him. On March 18 they were proceeding to St. Laurent to celebrate the feast of St. Joseph, and had to pass San Antoine en route, when they learned that 500 policemen were coming by forced marches to disperse them and imprison their leaders. When the half-breeds heard this they stopped their wagons and made a prisoner of an Indian agent; they also made one or two other arrests. Riel says he was not present when the arrests were made, but he was notified, and when he went to the place he found that the people had decided to take up arms in their defense. In 24 hours the whole population were in arms. He concludes by asking not to be treated like a murderer, and not to be chained before the jury have pronounced upon his case, and feels confident that they will not find him guilty. He says his incarceration is telling upon his health, notwithstanding the kind attention of his jailors.

Louis Riel was formally handed over by the military authorities at Regina Monday evening. Stipendiary Magistrate Richardson read the indictment, consisting of six counts, to Riel, who was remanded till the 20th inst. for trial. Only the escort of officials and counsel for the crown were present. Riel loooked healthy and quite self-possessed.

BIG BEAR ALL BROKE UP.

Big Bear was captured Friday morning near Carlton, by Sergt. Smart, of the mounted police. His son and one of his counsellors were taken at the same time. Seven more of Big Bear's band were captured. The remainder are surrendering to the Indian agent and giving up their arms.

Mexico.

THE SLAUGHTER OF MEXICANS.

News from Sonora confirms the death of Gen. Garcia, commander of the Mexican forces in the recent battle with Yaqui Indians, and the killing of 400 Mexicans. The Yaquis repeatetedly defeat the soldiers, but Mexican officials suppress the facts. The Sonora hospitals are full of wounded soldiers. The Yaquis are well armed and have been preparing for war for seven years. After firing one or two volleys they charge the troops, and use short heavy clubs. The majority of the people of Sonora are said to be in sympathy with the Indians.

Germany.

BISMARCK ALARMED.

The contest of the Duke of Cumberland for the throne of the Duchy of Brunswick, in which three members of the German Federal Council voted in favor of his claim, has so alarmed Prince Bismarck that the chancellor is preparing a bill which will provide for the exclusion of foreign-born heirs to the right of succession to German thrones.

Notes.

The election in Woodstock resulted in the election of Lord Randolph Churchill.

It is rumored that the Yaqui Indians defeated the Mexicans, killing 400, including Gen. Garcia, and wounding Gen. Loaiza.

Trophies from the Pul-I-Khisti battle have arrived at Askabad. They include eight guns bearing the English arms, dated 1880.

The Austrian government has decided upon a large importation of American grape vines, experiments with them having proved a success.

A dispatch from Yokohama says there is no hope whatever of saving the steamer City of Tokio, which is ashore near there. A large portion of the cargo has been saved.

A St. Petersburg correspondent says the convention with Russia was already prepared when Mr. Gladstone resigned, therefore it only requires Lord Salisbury's signature.

Advices from Port Stanley, Falkland islands, say that wreckage has been washed ashore which indicates the loss, with her crew, of the British ship Yarra Yarra, Capt. Earl, which left Portland, Oregon, February 2, for Queenstown.

Advices from Madagascar say the Hovas were repulsed in an attack upon Fort Magunga. It is denied that the prime minister of the Hovas was strangled to death. The interior of Madagascar is now threatened with a famine. The rice crop has been destroyed.

The *Political Gazette*, of Vienna, says that England has authorized Egypt to postpone the payment of the interest on Suez shares and other sums, in order to provide for the payment of the June salaries, pending a financial settlement.

The Porte has notified the embassies that foreign printed matter coming through postoffices will be subjected to censorship. It is believed the regulation specially refers to English and French papers which give the natives and foreign residents news of the internal government of Turkey, unobtainable otherwise.

Stephen B. Elkins and the Land Company of New Mexico.

Judge Lawrence, in the New York Supreme court, rendered a decision in the suit of the Land Company of New Mexico, limited, against Stephen B. Elkins and others, denying a motion to continue an injunction which restrained Elkins from transferring his number per cent. opposed to the emigration of their subjects. In diplomacy the fact that America has discriminated against China often has been used as a foil when America seeks any advantage in China, or when a treaty of revision has been suggested. The Chinese emigrate from Hong Kong, an English port, not from any Chinese city. The British governor of Hong Kong could enforce the United States restriction treaty if he were required to do so by his government. The Chinese government alone all in their power to prevent the immigration of Chinese to the United States, but there are no restrictions to their going from Hong Kong. To completely carry out the restriction act, the United States should negotiate a treaty with England by which coolies from Hong Kong would be prohibited from sailing in this country."

Ex-Minister Young conveys to Gen. Grant expressions of sorrow and sympathy, with wishes for his recovery from Li Hung Chang and the Emperor of Japan.

Preaching on Boston Common.

Judge Aldrich, of Doston, rendered his decision in the Superior court in the cases of Rev. W. F. Davis, arrested for preaching on the common. The judge ordered the jury to find Mr. Davis guilty, on the ground that the question was one of law entirely. He declared that the question has nothing to do with the right of free speech or of preaching the gospel. The judge could not doubt that the city had a perfect right to make such provision for the preservation of the common as it might deem necessary. The provision was not made to prevent freedom of speech or public worship, but to preserve order upon the common. Mr. Davis has appealed.

An insane Kentuckian named Samuel Melvin took up his position on Greensburg street, Madison, Ind., and with a gleaming bowie knife threatened to kill all who attempted to pass. He was finally overpowered and bound, after inflicting ugly wounds on several men and nearly killing two or three horses.

GENERAL GRANT.

Friday's Report.

Gen. Grant required little attention of the doctor last night. During the twelve hours from 9 o'clock last night until 9 o'clock this morning, the patient slept fully eight hours. He aroused shortly before 9 o'clock this morning, and announced his intention of being dressed at once. This was done, and before 10 o'clock the General was ready to go out upon the piazza. He strolled the length of the cottage upon the verandah, and then sat in his chair enjoying the bright, fresh air. The general's movements are firmer this morning. His strength seems greater than at the beginning of the week, and there are to-day those in the family who have a firm belief that the general may live until autumn. Those near to the patient are to-day feeling not a little encouraged.

The general has received a letter dated at Rockbridge Baths, Va., from an ex-Confederate officer, who surrendered at Appomattox. It is couched in terms of the warmest admiration, regard and sympathy, refers to having received back his horse and sword, with the injunction to go home and assist in making a crop, and assures the general that the writer is not the only ex-Confederate who daily prays for his restoration.

Monday's Report.

About 7 o'clock Gen. Grant wrote, in answer to questions as to his condition: "Possibly stronger, but not so well rested as I usually am."

Dr. Douglas was asked if the quantity of sleep now being secured by Gen. Grant was an evidence of weakened powers, or whether it was a restful or useful sleep. Said the doctor: "His sleep is restful; he is resting well and catching up the strength lost in the two days of weakness, which last week were induced by causes not incident to the disease."

Tuesday's Report.

To-day marks the third week of the patient's life on the mountain, and it is undoubtedly true that without almost constant attendance the pains of disease would have more than mastered any improvement that has resulted from the change; and as time progresses close care will be more than ever needed. The palliative measures employed on the painful portions are less quickly effectual now than three weeks ago. Cocaine does not rapidly deaden the pain at the throat, and there is now little doubt that, if not a concurrent cause, cocaine has increased the paralysis of the parts, to the non-action of which the loss of voice is due. Though the secretions are now thinner, the causes of exhaustion are progressive, though there are days when the contrary seems true. An instance occurred this morning, for the general, after a night of quiet and rest, wrote to Dr. Douglas in these words: "I can feel my strength increasing, and the drain upon me is diminishing."

Accounting for the Money Coined at the New Orleans Mint in 1861.

James H. Stone, of Detroit, has in his collection of war records the original ordinance adopted by a Confederate convention in Louisiana, which evidently accounts for a part of the funds reported unaccounted for by the New Orleans mint. Associated Press dispatches said that the record of the mint which closed January 31, 1861, shows that $1,355,216.50 had been coined, all of which probably went into the enemy's hands. Louisiana seceded January 16, and transferred all the Federal offices to the Confederacy on March 4. The document referred to is an ordinance "To transfer certain funds to the government of the Confederate States of America." In the first section it is ordained that $389,267.46, now in the hands of A. Hebert, state depository, and known as the bullion fund, be transferred to the Confederate government; and the said depository is ordered to pay that sum upon the order of the secretary of the treasury of the Confederacy. The second section orders the payment to the secretary of the treasury of $147,519.66, custom house collections since January 31, 1861. The ordinance was adopted in New Orleans March 7, 1861, and is signed by A. Mouton, president, and J. M. S. Wheat, secretary of the convention. It is attested by the seal of "The convention of the state of Louisiana." The "bullion fund" referred to is thought to be part of the coinage. The document was found in the archives of the Confederacy, where the Sixth Michigan was quartered in the mint, after New Orleans was retaken.

Cleveland and Tammany.

Pres. Cleveland sent the following letter to be read at the Tammany celebration Saturday:

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to join the society of Tammany the 97th celebration of the Fourth of July, the birthday of the republic. I regret that the pressure of official duties and engagements prevents the acceptance of this kind invitation. Of the purposes sought to be accomplished by the people in their choice of a chief magistrate, recently referred to in your note of invitation, I am sensibly mindful. In order that the hopes of the people may be fully realized, every member of the party should yield a cordial support to all efforts on the part of the administration to restore pure, free and just government. The statement contained in your note that the administration should so discharge all its functions as to meet, not only the approbation of the people, but at the same time insure a harmonious party, united in Jeffersonian Democracy, merits my approval, although my construction of the true purposes and the mission of my party convinces me that if the present Administration merits the intelligent approval of the people this result of itself certainly should ensure a harmonious party united in Jeffersonian Democracy. While the coming celebration will revive and keep alive the memory of patriotic devotion and sacrifice for the sake of free institutions, no season is more propitious for a renawal of our pledge to a true and progressive Democracy, so essential to our country's safety and prosperity."

Tennessee Moonshiners Defy the Law.

United States Marshal Tillman has called the attention of Commissioner Miller, at Washington, to the constant violation of the internal revenue laws in Grundy county, Tenn., where, owing to the large number of illicit distilleries in operation, a great deal of lawlessness has prevailed for some time. The citizens of Tracy City recently organized a law and order committee, to apprehend and punish every person guilty of crime. The attention of the revenue authorities at Nashville having been called to the running of crooked stills, United States Marshal Tillman a few days ago appointed T. F. Carrick, of Tracy City, a deputy collector, and instructed him to raid the distilleries. Carrick has resigned his position, stating that as no provision for compensation has been made he cannot secure a posse to aid him. The roughs, who bid defiance to the state and national laws, state that they will resist capture to death, and should the Washington authorities order the marshal to send an armed force into Grundy county, tragic developments may be expected. In past years revenue officers have had several bloody engagements in Tennessee mountain counties, in which some were killed and wounded on both sides.

The Chinese Restriction Act.

J. Russell Young, ex-minister to China, arrived in San Feancisco on the steamer Oceanic, from Yokohama. In an interview, he said, regarding the Chinese restriction act: "It merely offends China's pride as a government opposed to the emi-

A Large Quantity of Tobacco Destroyed—About 500 People Thrown Out of Work.

A disastrous fire took place at Stoughton, Wis., Sunday, burning ten out of thirteen large tobacco warehouses, the St. Paul depot and about twenty freight cars loaded with wheat and other merchandise, causing a loss estimated all the way from $500,000 to $1,000,000. The fire originated in an old hay press now used as a box factory. The tobacco warehouses were all owned by New York and Philadelphia tobacco houses, Oppenheimer & Co., Rosenwald & Co., Cohn & Co., and John Mark, of Chicago, being among the losers. The fire probably created the heaviest destruction of tobacco that ever occurred in the United States at one time from that cause. It is estimated that fully one-third of the entire Wisconsin tobacco crop of last year was consumed. There were about 9,000 cases stored in the warehouse, ready for shipment. These cases were worth about $50 a piece, thus making the loss on tobacco about $450,000. The warehouses were worth about $2,500 each, making an additional loss of $25,000. The depot was a large frame structure, which had been recently repaired, so that it was almost entirely new. A large amount of freight stored in the depot was saved. The freight cars which were burned were standing on the side track, and in the excitement of the fire it was impossible to remove them to a safe location.

Nothing can be learned of the origin of the fire. The general opinion, however, is that it was started by some Fourth of July patriot, who was careless in the use of fire works.

Some of the Stoughton buyers lost from $25,000 to $75,000, and will be ruined by it. The disaster will throw about 500 people out of employment.

There is considerable insurance, but not enough to cover more than half the loss.

Mrs. Wm. Turk, an elderly lady near Chopper's Station, Ky., was instantly killed while out picking berries by Salem Wilcoxson, son of the railroad agent at Christiansburg. The boy saw her head through the bushes, and mistook it for a squirrel and fired the fatal shot.

CHICAGO STREET CARS.

The Police Too Much for the Strikers—Cars Running as Usual—A Large Number of Arrests.

Under the protection of the entire reserve police force, Friday, six cars sent out by the west division railway succeeded in making their way into the business heart of the city about 9:30, and encountered no serious opposition. The cars were filled with policemen, and, in fact, the entire thoroughfare is lined with policemen and west of Ashland avenue. No vehicles of any kind are allowed upon the street.

The police have made already more than 100 arrests of persons suspected of inclination to impede the progress of the cars, or who refused to obey the injunction of the police to quit the thoroughfare. These were carted off rapidly in patrol wagons to the police station.

The cars made the return journey to Western avenue without any encounter, and were started east again for another trip. Madison street along its entire length is filled with excited strikers and their sympathizers and curious spectators. The windows of the buildings overlooking the street are also filled with people. Outside of this one street, however, there is no semblance of excitement, and business is being pursued without any apparent reference to the strike or its consequences.

The street cars on the second trip down town made the journey safely. The police, however, assumed the offensive, and arrested everybody making the first sign of desiring to create a disturbance. The favorite cry of the on-lookers as the cars were passing appeared to be "rats," but everybody indulging in a jeering cry and detected in it was immediately placed under arrest. It was generally understood that the police had orders to shoot, which made the crowd, if it had any intention to attack, hesitate about attacking the cars.

When the cars began their return trip Mayor Harrison appeared on the scene at the corner of Halstead and Madison streets, on his gray charger, where he drew his horse to a standstill in the middle of the street, and waving his hand to the crowd began to make a speech.

The police have only been compelled to make one serious rush so far. Lumber, gas pipe, huge boulders, barrels, beer kegs, dirt, and every available sort of debris were used in obstructing the track. The trouble became so great that the newly employed drivers began to flee from the cars, and the strikers began to close in upon them. The police ran to their defense, and Capt. Bonfield clubbed two of the strikers over the head. One of the injured men—Pat Conway—is supposed to have his skull crushed. Immediately after this incident, Capt. Bonfield cried, "Shoot the first man that throws a stone—that's the order."

There were scenes of excitement all along the route on both trips made by the cars. Six men were sighted on a one-story blacksmith shop, whose appearance was deemed threatening, and the police charged through the building, carrying them off to a man, although they claimed to be merely spectators. Crodws had gathered at various of the street corners, but by simply making a show the streets were cleared by the police without using their clubs.

At Leavitt street, Lieut. Laughlin, with about 20 men, made a detour on patrol wagons and surprised a lot of active sympathisers placing obstructions on the car tracks. These busy people, however, caught sight of the blue coats just in time to make their escape.

The Chicago Press on the Strike.

The *Times* is the only paper which has expressed any decided views toward ending the present street-car strike. It says this morning: "There can be no question that the blockade should be broken at once, at whatever cost. The spasmodic movement of a few cars loaded with police will not accomplish this most necessary result, for it it well understood that the people will not travel on cars under such conditions. Persons who care for their own safety will not take the risks, and the number of those willing to pay for a ride, with the chance of having their heads broken, or fighting their way through, is exceedingly small. The *Times* has no advice to offer the parties in the disturbance as to the mode or terms of a settlement, but it insists that the embargo on the trade of this great city shall be raised without further delay. If it is true, as has been said, that the police force is insufficient to insure the absolute safety of citizens traveling by any conveyance upon the streets of Chicago, then it is manifestly the duty of somebody to invoke a higher and more efficatious power. The state maintains a militia of some strength, which should haye been called upon long ago, and if this is not sufficient for the purpose then the national arms should be employed. It would be cheaper for Chicago to pay the cost of lining every street car with soldiers than to suffer for another day the calamity it has endured for a week."

Chicago Street Cars—A Compromise Probable.

About 4 o'clock Monday afternoon, the strikers seemed to gather fresh courage, and made several savage attacks on "scab" conductors and drivers. Three cars were overturned, the horses turned loose, and the conductors beaten. The police on the cars were powerless, and the patrol wagon with reinforcements was hurried to the scene. Several arrests were made. The company run their cars into the barns at 5:30, and the trouble was over for the night.

Notwithstanding the riotous demonstrations yesterday afternoon the West Division street railway company sent out 32 of its cars at 7:30 this morning on the Madison, Randolph, Lake and Van Buren street lines. The cars are all guarded by from six to eight policemen riding on each car, while the streets are patrolled by a large reserve force.

At this hour (2:30) the first indication has been given of a peaceable ending of the street car strike. The strikers this morning addressed a letter to the president of the West Division Street Car company, stating that the strikers were willing to compromise on a basis to be determined by three judges of the courts. In answer to this, Pres. Jones, of the railway, sent a written reply, and as a result of this a deputation from the strikers went into consultation with the officers of the company, and it terminated at noon, when Mr. Jones and the president of the conductors went to attend the meeting of a special committee of the common council arranged for last night. There was only a short session of this committee, when Mr. Jones made a proposition to the strikers to return to work, the exact nature of which is not known. It is known, however, to be in the nature of a compromise. The nature of the proposal is to be disclosed at a secret session of the strikers to-night, and an answer is to be returned to the car company at 7 this evening.

In the meantime Pres. Jones agreed not to increase the number of cars running. Forty cars in all are being operated and are being well patronized. The city officials express the view that the strike is ended. Only one case of violence has been reported to-day.

One car was smashed on the corner of Robey street, the driver being badly beaten. The conductor ran away. No arrests were made. This is about the same place the trouble occurred yesterday.

Four of the cars now running are being driven by Cook county deputy sheriffs, wearing badges and having clubs.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Swindling the Indians.

Sec. Lamar has received a letter from Gen. McCook, ex-Gov. of Colorado, relative to the power of the government to prevent the illegal occupation of lands in the Indian Territory. The writer asserts that the law declares that the secretary of the interior has full control of all Indian affairs under the laws, subject to the direction by the President; that certain contracts may be made by individuals with Indians relative to services in procuring the payment of claims, but no authority exists for making contracts of any other nature, and, if made, they are null and void; that no purchase, grant, lease, or other conveyance of lands, or claim thereto, from any Indian nation, or tribe of Indians, shall be of any validity in law or equity, unless the same shall be made by treaty or convention entered into, pursuant to the constitution; that only the United States can make any contract with any Indian nation or tribe affecting lands whether by purchase, lease or otherwise, and the United States can do so only by formal agreement, and that the President may employ the military to remove trespassers from the Indian lands. Gen. McCook substantiates the above points by citations from the revised statutes, and declares that the United States can make agreements respecting the Indian lands only with the Indians themselves and not with third parties, and only with the Indians by agreement, ratified by Congress.

Notwithstanding the positive prohibition of the law against the leasing or conveyance of land by Indian tribes, substantially "all the lands in the Indian territory, set apart for exclusive Indian occupation," Gen. McCook says, "are in the possession of cattle men under the lease of Indians who had no power to lease, and with the tacit recognition of the department of the interior (under a former administration), which he believes had no power to recognize or assent to any such lease or possession."

The following is given as a partial list of parties in occupation of such lands in the Cheyenne and Arapphoe reservations, in the Indian territory, and the amount of land controlled by them and embraced in their designated boundaries:

Hampton B. Denman, of Washington, D. C., formerly a member of the Kansas state senate, 575,000 acres; Edward Fenton, of Leavenworth, Kan., and Wm. C. Mallelly, of Caldwell, Kan., each 564,800 acres; Robert A. Hunter, of St. Louis, 500,000 acres; Albert G. Evans, of St. Louis, Mo., 456,960 acres; Lewis M. Briggs, of Muscolon, Kan., 318,720 acres; Jesse Morrison, of Leavenworth, 1,017,138,240 acres; an unknown lessee, leasing October 15, 1883, 814,000 acres; total to above parties, 3,832,520 acres.

Briggs was a member of the Kansas State Senate 1881-5 and E. M. Hewins and others, in trust for the Cheorkee Strip Live Stock association, a Kansas corporation leased from October 1, 1883, 6,000,000 acres, being all the unoccupied lands contained to the Pawnees, Poncas, Nez Perces, Otoes, Missourrs, Osages and Kansas Indians. The rental is one and two-thirds cents per acre.

If the Indians had power to make leases, and if the Interior department had power to assent to them, what can be said of such an execution of a public trust, supposed to be created for the purpose of protecting the Indian rights and interests as the acquiescence in a lease of lands for a term of years at a rental which is nothing more than nominal? Is that the way the government of the United States should care for its wards?

If such leases were legal, if authority existed to make them, there would still be obtained from the Indian wards, with the assent of their guardian, valuable property rights and privileges for a pittance. If the legality of the leases were doubtful they should not be permitted the countenance of an administration pledged to set its face against corruption, collusion and wrong.

Notes.

The issue of standard silver dollars from the mint during the week ended July 4, was $467,998. The issue during the corresponding period of last year was $200,495.

United States Consul Mason, at Marseilles, informed the department of state that cholera has again appeared in that city, and in Toulon. A general exodus from Marseilles has begun.

The *Post* says that in order to facilitate the public business requiring his personal attention, the President will, in addition to Saturdays, reserve Tuesday and Thursday during the summer to the consideration of matters submitted by members of the cabinet, and will see only cabinet officers on those days.

The acting comptroller of the currency has authorized the Western Reserve National bank of Warren, O., to begin business, with a capital of $100,000.

The secretary of the treasury has appointed John Kinnane, Wm. Blee, Fuller Trump, B. H. Warder and Chas. B